

DALINDA:

OR, THE

Double Marriage.

BEING THE

GENUINE HISTORY of a very Recent,
and Interesting ADVENTURE.

Addressed to all the YOUNG and GAY
of both SEXES.

*'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our State :
Our Faults, or Virtues make our Fate.*

COWLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for C. CORBETT in *Fleet-street*, and
G. WOODFALL at *Charing-Cross*. 1749.

DAVID

OF THE

Double Marriage

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF



LONDON

Printed by C. Corbett in Pall-mall, and
G. W. Smith, at the New York Office, 1799.



P R E F A C E

TO THE

R E A D E R.

TO make Mankind the better,
or the wiser, either is, or
ought to be, the Intention
of every Writer; and among all the
various Productions with which the
Press is continually teeming, none

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seems

seems to me, and -I think, according to the general Sense of the World, more effectually calculated for answering that great End, than such as convey *Precept* through the Channel of *Delight*.—By this means, Virtue, and Instruction steal themselves, as it were, into the Heart, insensibly gain ground there, and by Degrees root out all those Vices and Follies, which, if not check'd in the Bud, would gather Strength, and shoot forth into the most enormous Mischiefs, destructive both to Society, and to the Breast that has indulged their Growth.—*Fable*, when well wrought up, and full of moral Meaning, has in all Ages of the World, been look'd upon as very conducive this way — the greatest Authors have not disdained

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disdained to employ their Pens, in exhibiting some useful Allegory to the Publick, wherein People might see, as in a faithful and undeceiving Mirror, the different Propensities to which Human Nature is incident, and thereby learn to correct the *Evil*, and improve the *Good* they find, in a more, or less degree, rise in themselves.

But if *Fiction* is found by Experience, to have so great an Influence, certainly a much greater still must be allowed to *Truth*.—— Examples of Facts drawn from real Life, and such as every Reader, on a very small Enquiry, may convince himself have happened, cannot fail of making a

deeper Impression on the Mind, than such as are barely possible to have happened — we cannot but be more affected with what we know *is*, than what we are told *may be*; as Conviction on the one Side arises from Demonstration; on the other, only from Conjecture.

For this Reason I have made choice of a Story, in which the Incidents are not only recent, but also made known by the Persons chiefly interested in them, in a manner less to their own Emolument, than that of the Publick.

The Reader must therefore expect no perfect Character. — I have drawn my Heroes and Heroine, such

as

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as they really are, without any Illustration, either of their Virtues, or their Defects. — Here are no poetical Descriptions, no Flights of Imagination, I have put no Rapsodies into their Mouths, and if I have not made them speak just as they did, I have at least made them speak as Persons in their Circumstances would naturally do.

I flatter myself also, that no one will find any reason to *suspect*, much less to *accuse* me of Prejudice, or Partiality in any way exaggerating, or softening the Motives, by which any of the Persons concerned were induced to act — their Conduct sufficiently betrays, with what kind of
Senti-

Sentiments they were agitated, nor is it in Nature, for either Man or Woman, to behave in the Fashion *Malvolio* and *Dalinda* have done, if not instigated by Emotions, such as I have ascribed to them, and endeavoured to represent.

In Respect to their Families, I have conceal'd their real Names under fictitious ones, as my own Fancy suggested, when I sat down to write. —

Books may live, when the Persons, and Things they treat of, may be forgot ; and it would be a Piece of Cruelty, for which I could not be forgiven, or ought to forgive myself, to leave any *Memento*, by which the innocent Posterity should be branded
on

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on Account of the Crimes of their Ancestors, and which might otherwise have been buried on Oblivion.

My sole Design, in the following Pages, is to shew both Sexes, the Danger of inadvertently giving way to the Passions of what kind soever — all lead us into Error — all have a Tendency to Vice ; and too frequently bring us by degrees to do things, to which our Natures and Inclinations were at first most repugnant, as I remember to have somewhere read,

*Of our first Scenes of Life we should
take care :*

*And of Temptations most remote beware ;
For*

x P R E F A C E.

*For Virtue once infringed, we think in
vain,*

*T' indulge one Crime, and from the rest
abstain :*

*Each DARLING VICE another ushers
in,*

*Till the whole Soul becomes one general
Sin.*

If I am so happy as to succeed
in my Aim of enabling, even any one
Person, to correct in time those Pro-
pensities, which are dangerous to en-
courage, my Time will certainly be
well employed ; if not, I shall have
no Reason to repent, since it is not my
Fault, but that of those whom Ex-
ample will not warn.

The

PREFACE. xi

The Reader will, perhaps, be surprized to find the Catastrophe less Tragical than might be expected, where Persons were worked up to that Pitch of Rage these were; but as they have contented themselves with only railing at each other, I would not, for the sake of embellishing my History, be guilty of injuring Truth, which alone has been my Guide, and to which I have strictly adhered, through every Incident in the whole Work. — The Lovers of Sincerity, I am confident, will approve my Candor in this Point; and I believe also, there is enough of Novelty in the Characters I set in view, to entertain those who delight

light in things out of the common Road. — I submit, however, to the Judgment of the Publick. — Happy if approved, and not greatly disconcerted, if the contrary.



DALINDA:



DALINDA:

OR, THE

DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

IT has been an Observation, which, I think, has seldom fail'd, that according to the first setting out in Life, that is, when we first enter on the material Scenes of Action, in a great measure depends the future Prosperity of our Affairs. — One Mistake in the beginning is of infinitely more Consequence than a thousand afterwards. — Nothing is more common than to hear People, when things go wrong, complain of their Destiny, and even presume to accuse Providence of Partiality, when in

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Truth

Truth the Disappointments they meet with, are only owing to their own Inadvertency, and taking a wrong Road to Happiness. ——— So true are the Words of *Shakespear*,

*There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men;
Which taken at the Flood leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallow and in Miseries.*

But though this is certain as to the general, those of the softer Sex have much the greatest Reason to beware. ——— One false Step in them is irreparable; and a whole Life of prudent Conduct cannot recover the Misfortune of one unguarded Hour. ——— It is the important Affair of *Love* and *Marriage* I mean, as it is on that their future well, or ill-doing in the World chiefly depends; and according as they devote their *Affections*, they devote themselves, for the most part at least, to *Happiness* or *Misery*, to *Fame* or *Infamy*.

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As this essential Point is generally to be decided at an Age when Fancy is predominate, the Judgment weak, the Passions strong, and the Spirits too volatile to admit of much Consideration, how difficult is it for a young Heart, attack'd perhaps by a Multiplicity of Addresses, to distinguish which is the real Jewel from the counterfeit, or if the Difference is too glaring not to be perceiv'd, how equally difficult is it to forbear yielding to the Dictates of a partial Inclination; which, alas! too frequently happens in favour of the least worthy.—Highly dangerous, therefore, is it for the unexperienced Maid to rely entirely on herself for fixing her Choice, or even too early to give way to the soft Impulse of Love, since the one is but too often the Consequence of the other.—If she does not consult those of more Penetration and Circumspection than her own Years allow her to be Mistress of, before her Heart receives too deep an Impression, she will scarce do it afterwards, but will be led insensibly yet farther on, into the almost inex-

tricable Labyrinth of a secret Correspondence, where, if she has not a more than common Share of good Fortune, she must be lost for ever.

No body, I believe, will deny but that she is undone both in Fortune and Reputation by a criminal Amour, and it very rarely happens that she is not more so in the one, and sometimes also in the other, by a clandestine Marriage, which, though to her it may bear the specious shew of a virtuous Intention, has in reality so much the Appearance of being calculated meerly to gratify either a sordid or a vicious Passion, that there are very few Circumstances which would oblige a Man of Honour to press for an Engagement of that Nature.

But I would not wish any young Lady to put it in the power of her Lover to tempt her thus far; and the only way to secure herself from his Importunities, and the more dangerous Incitements of her own Tenderneſs, is on his first Declaration of Love to refer him to such of her Kindred or Friends, who she is
certain

certain have no Interest opposite to hers ! to resolve to be under their Direction, to give no Encouragement beyond what they shall judge convenient, and above all, how much soever they approve of, or she is transported with his Suit, never to make him any Promise till she comes before the Altar.——Those who act contrary to these Precepts, possibly *may*, and sometimes *do*, find reason to applaud the Justice of their own Opinion ; but I may venture to say, for one who is so fortunate, there are a thousand who curse the Self-sufficiency and Vanity by which they have been betrayed.

How much soever then the young Ladies of this Age may despise the old-fashion'd Custom of making their Parents the first Confidants of their Inclinations, it is the only sure way to escape the thousand Mischiefs which lie in wait for them, through the Perfidy and Baseness of some Men.——Let them remember what a good old Poet says on this Occasion :

*On their own Heads they desperately stray,
And are still happiest the vulgar way.*

But I shall add nothing farther by way of Admonition : The Narrative contain'd in the following Pages affords an Example, such as cannot but deter any young Lady, who ever thinks at all, from trusting to her own Judgment, in entring into an Engagement from which it is so difficult to be freed.

Dalinda was the Daughter of a Gentleman of a good Family and considerable Estate, who, on the Death of his Wife, sent her to a distant Country, and committed the Care of her Education to her Grandmother by the Mother's Side ; the old Lady was extremely fond of her, and as she grew up, had her instructed in all the polite as well as useful Accomplishments of her Sex.——Nothing bestowed upon her was bestowed in vain.——The Quickness of her Apprehension made every thing her own, almost as soon as she was told it ; and she had occasion
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to be a Pupil for so short a time, that her Instructors acquired more Honour than Profit by having her under their Tuition.

— She was also extremely pretty, and of so affable and obliging a Disposition, that she became the Delight, not only of her own Kindred, but of as many as had any Acquaintance with her ; and no one doubted, but that she would one day make a very shining Figure in the World.

When she was about eleven Years of Age, her Grandmother thought proper she should shew herself to her Father ; and she was according sent up to *London*, under the Care of an old Relation, who was a Dependant on the Family.

A Parent, who had not seen his Child in so many Years, could not but receive her with an Infinity of Satisfaction ; but his Pleasure at finding her so much beyond what he could have expected from a Country Education, is not to be expressed.—All her Relations in *London* were equally charm'd with her. Never Girl was more caressed, more encouraged ; yet as her Father was married again,

she expressed some Reluctance at living for a Constancy with him, but chose to go back to her Grandmother, on which he would not constrain her Inclinations, but permitted her to return after a Stay of about five Months.

To this Desire in her, and his Compliance with it, may be imputed all the Misfortunes of her Life—from this, as from the Fountain-Head, were all the Troubles she has since endured derived——had she remained in *London*, and under the Eye of her Father, she could not have had an Opportunity of entering into that fatal Intimacy which drew her into Engagements so ruinous to her Interest, her Reputation, her Peace of Mind, and in fine, to every thing that is, or ought to be, dear to Woman-kind.

On her coming back to the Place, which she look'd upon as her most real, and was indeed her best-loved Home; she continued to improve herself, as she had began, in all that could be expected from one of her Sex and Station.——Cheerful, easy, happy in herself, and pleasing
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to all about her, did Life glide on in all the Charms that Youth and Innocence can know, till she arrived at her fourteenth Year, in which she was but just entered, when a young Gentleman, whom I shall call *Malvolio*, returned from his Travels into foreign Parts; he stood in the same Degree of Relation to her Grandmother as she did, being the Issue of her Son, as she was of her Daughter, so was consequently her Cousin-German.——He had ever been the Darling of the old Lady, and the Sight of him, after so long an Absence, now more endear'd him to her, and he knew his Interest so well, as to omit nothing that might improve the Tenderneſs ſhe had for him; he kept almoſt conſtantly with her, never going to *London*, but when Buſineſs call'd him; nor made long Viſits to any of their Country Friends, except the Family went with him.

The Nearneſs of Blood between him and *Dalinda* ſoon made them become extremely intimate. —He ſeem'd charm'd with his young Couſin, and ſhe, though

naturally reserv'd, considering him almost as a Brother, treated him with the same Freedom.

But how dangerous is it for Persons of different Sexes to indulge themselves in too great a Familiarity! — little did the innocent *Dalinda* think that every kind Word he said to her, every Kiss he gave her, infused a Poison into her Soul, which neither her own Reason, nor his ill Usage afterward had the Power of expelling. — She loved him without knowing she did so, and imagined the Pleasure she took in being near him was not any thing more than what was owing to their Nearness of Blood, and those Qualities which she fancied he possess'd above all others she was acquainted with. — Thus did she suffer herself to take in whole Draughts of an infectious Passion, and became the most passionate of Lovers, while she thought she was only possess'd of the Affection of a Kinswoman.

Ignorant of her Disease, she had not Artifice either to repel or conceal it, — her Eyes were never satisfied with seeing
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ing him, nor her Ears with hearing him — she hated Night because it separated her from him, and longed for Morning to return him to her Presence; if he walked out she would needs go with him, if he chose to ride, she must also have a Horse, and told her Grandmother she found that Exercise agreed with her Constitution.

As he had no Inclinations for her beyond that of a Kinsman, and, as his Behaviour afterward denoted, had not a Heart capable of any soft Impressions, he was for a long time before he perceived the Conquest he had made, and perhaps had been so much longer, had not some of the Kindred unadvisedly, between Jest and Earnest, told him, they believed the young *Dalinda* was in love with him; and even then, so blind, or so stupidly insensible was he of what any other Man would have looked upon as his greatest Happiness, that he took not the least notice of what was said to him on that Head, nor gave himself the trouble of examin-

ing, whether or not, there was any Foundation for such Conjectures.

All this time the unhappy Maid languished in Desires, the Nature of which she was ignorant of herself, till by degrees she forsook all the Sports and Avocations which had before employed her Hours. — Whenever *Malvolio* was absent, she would sit alone whole Hours together, musing on him, and watching his return from the Windows — if forced into Company, it was easy to perceive her Mind was in some other Place — this was her constant manner of Behaviour when she saw him not; but the Moment he appeared, her Eyes sparkled with uncommon Fires, her Tongue resumed its Volubility, and the greatest Spirit of Gaiety shone in every Feature; yet did he not appear, or in reality was he, the least affected by all this, but continued to treat her as he had always done with the Freedom of a Kinsman, without the least Mixture of the Loyer.

Their Grandmother, however, saw into the Cause of that strange Alteration in

Dalinda's

Dalinda's Humour, and was extremely troubled at it; she apprehended that so violent a Flame in so young a Creature, could not be kindled without some Efforts from the Object, and doubted not but *Malvolio* had secretly made his Addresses to her as a Lover. ——— Nothing seemed to her so prejudicial to the Interest of their Family, as a Match between those two Branches of it. ——— *Dalinda* had Charms which she thought might render her acceptable, one day or other, to some Gentleman of a large Estate; and that of *Malvolio* being much encumbered, he was under an absolute Necessity of marrying a Woman with a Fortune, superior to what *Dalinda* could expect, even though she had the Consent of all her Friends. As she tenderly loved them both, these Considerations made her resolve to exert all her Authority, in order to break off whatever Engagements there might be between them.

Accordingly she sent for *Malvolio* one Morning into her Closet, and having made him shut the Door, began with abruptly desiring

desiring he would give her his Promise never to marry *Dalinda*.—The Suddenness, as well as Nature of this Demand, very much surprized him, and he appeared so much confused, that she doubted not but her Suspicions were just, and so enflamed her, that without waiting till he should recover himself enough to reply, she cried out, *either assure me you will never think on her on the score of Love or Marriage, or from this instant quit my House, and never see me more.*

Madam, said he, *I hope your Pardon for not giving so immediate an Answer as I ought to have done, to any Injunction you are pleased to lay upon me; and do assure you, upon my Honour, that my Hesitation proceeded not from any Reluctance for complying with it, but from the Consternation I was in at finding such a thing entered into your Head—I cannot conceive what Grounds you can possibly have for such an Imagination.——I never regarded my Cousin any otherwise than as a Relation. Never had the least Spark of an amorous Inclination for her, much less could such*

a thing as marrying her enter into my Thoughts. ——— I am sure if it had, I should instantly have repelled it, as the most monstrous Inconsistency either of us could be guilty of.

Have you then never pretended an Affection for her? returned the old Lady, never told her you loved her? ——— Never, upon my Soul, replied he. Then, cried she, the Girl is mad; ——— but, continued she, after a Pause, I insist upon your Oath, that as you never have, you never will make her any Offers of that Nature.

Malvolio readily gave her the Satisfaction she desired of him, as he very easily might, as nothing at that Time being more distant from his Intentions, than to marry any Woman who had not a Fortune sufficient to enable him to make a grand Figure in the World. ——— The Conversation he had with his Grandmother, and the Earnestness with which she expressed herself on this Occasion, joined with the Behaviour of *Dalinda*, and the Observations made on it by others, now

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convinced him on seriously reflecting, that his poor Cousin was in good earnest in love with him. As he had the greatest good Wishes for her, he was extremely concerned at a Misfortune which yet he could not think of remedying by the means she wished, and heartily repented him of having done any thing which might have encouraged so unavailing a Passion in her——he resolved for the future to avoid her as much as possible for a Person who lived in the same House, never to say any thing to her, that she should have the power of interpreting as Love, never to toy or play with her as he had been accustomed, though without design, and in fine, rather to behave to her in a morose and churlish than an affectionate manner.

It cannot be denied, but that he formed this Resolution for a good End, thinking it would be the most effectual Method to erase whatever Impression she had received in his Favour to the Prejudice of her own Peace of Mind, and that he had Friendship enough for her to overbalance

balance the Vanity of being admired by so fine a Girl ; but this way was so far from answering the Purpose for which it was intended, to give her Ease, that it greatly added to her former Anguish—perceiving that he pretended Business, whenever she proposed riding out to take the Air, never accompanied her in a fine Walk she used to frequent near the House, — never drank her Health at Table, unless when first toasted by some other Person ; never directed his Discourse to her, and scarce answered when she spoke to him, all this abated not her Love, but heightened her Discontent——she grieved in Secret, she lamented the Unkindness of so near a Relation, for she was not yet sensible she regarded him in any other light. She poured forth whole Torrents of Tears whenever she was alone, and was no less surprized than grieved to find so great a Change without being able to guess the Motive of it.——She examined all she had ever done or said to him, and could find nothing which could give him any reason to be offended with her——she
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was two or three times about to ask him, what she had been so unhappy to do, that had made him angry with her; but whenever she turned towards him, and was going to open her Lips, his forbidding Looks stopt the Utterance of her Words, and obliged her to quit the Place, in order to give vent to the Anguish of her Soul in Tears.

The first publick Indication she gave, how much this Change in his Deportment had affected her, was this.——

The Grandmother, *Malvolio*, herself, and one of her Brothers, who was come from *London* on a Visit, were all sitting in the Parlour one Day after Dinner; the young Gentleman, who I shall distinguish by the Name of *Phillano*, and *Malvolio* were discoursing on some Accident which happened to them in their Childhood, they having gone to the same School together; *Malvolio* happened to turn his Eyes on *Dalinda*, found hers were fixed upon him, with a Look which he had never observed in them before, which a little troubled him, *Lord Cousin*, said he, *what*
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is it you stare at so ?—This Expression, uttered in the most rough Accents he could possibly turn his Voice to, had such an Effect on the tender Heart of *Dalinda*, that after giving a deep Sigh she fell from her Chair quite motionless upon the Floor. — *Malvolio* assisted her Brother in raising her, — the Servants were call'd, Means applied for her Recovery — she came to herself, but so ill and faint, that they thought proper to carry her to her Chamber, — she was laid upon the Bed, — her Brother and the Grandmother equally alarmed, sat by her, and used their utmost Endeavours for her Consolation, for they perceived she was deeply grieved. — All the Answers she gave to the kind Things they said to her, was Sighs and Groans for a considerable time; at last, looking wildly round the Room, and not seeing *Malvolio* there, *Where is my Cousin*, cried she, *does he hate me so much as not to enquire after me in this Condition?* On which the old Lady ordered he should be called; but the Servant, who was sent for that purpose,

purpose, brought back word, that he was just gone out to take a Walk. *Dalinda* spoke nothing to this, but reclined her Head, endeavouring to hide the Tears which fell in great Abundance from her Eyes.

Malvolio, on his return, being informed of the Message, went into the Chamber, and asked his Cousin, if she did not find herself somewhat better; on hearing his Voice, she raised her Head, but uttered not a Syllable, till he repeating the Question. — *O no*, said she, *I never shall be better* — then pointing to her Bosom, *'tis here*, — *'tis here*, sighed she out, *and never, O never will be removed*.

Finding her indeed extremely ill, a Physician was sent for, but his Prescriptions had no Effect, and he was honest enough, after two or three Visits, to tell the old Lady, that he could do her Granddaughter do good — that he found the Disease lay in the Mind, to which Physick could administer no Relief, and therefore advised them by all means to search the Cause.

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Though this good Lady had almost forgot what Love was, yet she was not altogether ignorant whence her young Granddaughter's Disorders proceeded, and had been very uneasy on that Account: But she had no Notion, however, of the Violence of that Passion with which she was possess'd; she look'd upon it only as a transient Folly, which would wear off in time, if not indulg'd; therefore, instead of continuing to pity, she began to chide her for giving way to Vapours; for so she affected to call her Disorders, always concealing from her the Discovery she had made of her Inclinations.——This encreas'd the Malady of poor *Dalinda*——she neither eat nor slept, and very seldom could be prevail'd upon to speak, unless *Malvolio* was in the Room; who, now having no room to doubt, if he were not the Cause of his fair Cousin's Grief, could not forbear commiserating her Condition.——Happening to be one Day in her Chamber, when no other Person was present, he took her by the Hand in a very tender manner, and asked her how she

she did? *I should be better*, said she, *if my Relations loved me better.*—*We all love you*, replied he; *no, you do not*, repeated she; *indeed I do*, cried he, and kissed her. — *Give me then Proofs you do*, said she, returning the Salute, with an Eagerness which surprized him, and finding it was indeed only in his Power to give her Consolation, *I will give you all the Proofs*, answered he, *in my Power*. These last Words were accompanied with an ardent Embrace, but the Maid that instant coming into the Room, broke off the tender Conversation.

From this time she began to recover — never was so great a Change in so short a Space.—*Malvolio*, who sincerely wished the Re-establishment of her Health, and found that the least Unkindness from him destroyed that, without any way abating the Force of her Passion, henceforward, whenever Opportunity permitted, treated her more as a Lover than a Kinsman. — Habituating himself to these Endearments, together with the manner in which she received them, at length raised

raised Desires in him, which, though they could not justly be called Love, yet demanded the same Gratification ; and not doubting but he might easily obtain all in her power to give, and also, that in taking the Advantage her Extravagance of Passion gave him over her, what he did ought not to be deemed an Injury, since it seemed so necessary to the saving her Life.—He threw aside all Scruples. —

In this Resolution, he told her, that he had a great deal to say to her, and asked, if she would not give him leave to come into her Chamber when the Family were in Bed, (for she was now got so well as not to be fat up with.) She readily consented, and said, that after the Maid was gone, who always locked her in, she would rise and open the Door on the Inside, it being a Spring-Lock.

Accordingly, when he found that all was hushed, he came with only his Night-Gown and Slippers to her Chamber, which, as she had promised, was open to receive him ; he ran directly to the Bed, and taking her in his Arms, *won't you believe I love you ?* said he. *I should be too happy*

to be sure of it, answered she, not in the least resisting his Caresses, on which he threw off his Night-Gown, and immediately jumped into Bed. — This most terribly alarmed her, especially when he began to take some Liberties she had not the least Notion of before. — She loved, it is true, with an Excess of Passion, but then she loved with Innocence — Kisses, Embraces and tender Words, were the utmost of her Wishes — her Passion had not the least Tincture of Impurity in it, and this Behaviour in *Malvolio* shocked her to the Soul. — She, who before thought it Heaven to be near him, and was all Rapture at a Touch of his Hand or Lips, could not find herself naked in his Arms without a Horror, which left no room for the softer Emotions to operate. — The Resistance she made was not faint — she struggled with all her might till she disengaged herself from him, and got out of the Bed, then protested, if he did not that Moment rise and quit the Chamber, she would raise the Family to be witness of his base Attempt.

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This was a Turn he so little expected from her past manner of acting with regard to him, that he was not presently able to speak ; he got up however, and put on his Gown, but it was with great Difficulty and ten thousand Oaths, to observe that Distance she required, that he prevailed on her to go into Bed again, where as soon as she was laid, he fell on his Knees and asked her Pardon ; but the Remembrance of the Indecencies he had been guilty of to her, was yet so flagrant, that she could not bear even to look upon him, and all the Answers he obtained to the Excuses he made were, *leave me—leave me, injurious Man—begone: I'll never see you more.*

He did not greatly press to stay, for it is certain, that at this time he did not wish to ruin her, though he had doubtless accomplished it had she been Mistress of less Resolution, now in his cooler Thoughts, he was not sorry for the Disappointment, nor even that he had offended her, hoping the present Rage she was in, would have effectually cured her

Love, and that in time, when all this should be forgot, she would look upon him with the same Indifference she had always maintained to all others of his Sex. Having at last gained her Promise not to reveal any thing of what had pass'd to their Grandmother, he took his leave, little imagining the Agitations he left her in.

This poor unhappy Creature, the Slave of Virtue, though the Victim of Love, no sooner found he had quitted the Room, than she wished him to return—she would have been glad to have had him sat by her all Night, nay, even to have lain by her Side, provided he had contented himself with only Kisses and Embraces. — In fine, her Love was not at all diminished by his Boldness, and the Courage with which she had repelled it, proceeded rather from her Virgin Fears than a real Disgust at it.

The Perplexity which this Adventure had involved her in, together with her want of Sleep the whole Night, made her much worse the next Day, than she had
been

been for several of the preceding ones. — *Malvolio* heard of her Relapse, and, conscious of the Occasion, went into her Chamber, when nobody but the Maid was there, who being employed in something in the farther part, he said softly to her, *have you forgiven the Fright I put you in?* — *Yes*, answered she, *I forgive you, but cannot forgive myself for consenting to your Visit at such an unseasonable Hour.* — *Your Intentions were innocent*, returned he, *nor were mine criminal — what I did was only to make trial of your Virtue — therefore forget it, and endeavour to get your Health.* — *I will, since you desire it*, cried she, with a Sigh; *by Heaven I do sincerely*, said he, and finding the Maid was still busy, and did not observe them, kissed her two or three times — *will you still love me?* said *Dalinda*, pressing his Hand; *forever*, answered he, and kissed her again. Her Brother then came into the Room, and after speaking to *Dalinda*, took *Malvolio* with him to see a great Cock-match, then going to be fought.

Dalinda now mended apace, and came down stairs in about three or four Days. — *Malvolio* carried to her with a great deal of Tenderneſs, frequently kiſſed her, but attempted to proceed no farther — in a ſhort time, ſhe reſumed her former Chearfulneſs, and the Grandmother began to hope ſhe had entirely conquered her late Folly.

About this time it was that *Leander*, a neighbouring Gentleman of a large Fortune, began to grow ſo particular in his Behaviour to *Dalinda*, that all their Acquaintance gave him to her for a Lover. — *Malvolio* alſo, being one Day alone with her in the Garden, told her of it, at which ſhe expreſſed the utmoſt Diſdain, and deſired he would not ſpeak of him. *Why*, ſaid *Malvolio*, either to try what ſhe would ſay, or becauſe he really wiſhed it ſhould be a Match, *Leander has a fine Eſtate, far beyond what you could expect, and has a fair Character.* — *What then*, cried ſhe, *I hate him.* — *That's wrong*, ſaid *Malvolio*; *you ought to conquer any idle Prejudices you may have conceived a*
gainſt

gainst him — do not stand in your own light. — Would you advise me to encourage his Addresses? interrupted she bursting into Tears. Yes, said he, it is for your Happiness — but wherefore do you weep? Because if you loved me, cried she, you would not wish me to give myself to another. — You would not give yourself to me, said he, throwing his Arms about her Waist. Yes, if you would marry me, answered she, letting her Head sink upon his Bosom. — I cannot while my Grandmother lives, replied he; besides, we may love each other, and marry elsewhere for our mutual Convenience. I never can, rejoined she. — They were in a close Arbour during this Conversation, and nobody happening to interrupt them, it continued a great while; and there was very little, except the last Favour, that she denied him.

After this, mutually seeking Opportunities of being alone together, a Day seldom passed without their being so. — Dalinda was the most contented happy Creature in the World; but Malvolio,

who was of a different Constitution, could not be allowed such Liberties with a fine young Girl like her, without feeling the warmest Inclinations for something farther. — He represented to her, that it was ungenerous and cruel in her to do every thing in her power to excite an amorous Desire in him, yet refuse to gratify that Desire — told her, she made him suffer more by her Love, than the utmost of her Hate could have inflicted; and concluded, with threatening to leave the Country, and see her no more, unless she would yield him the full Enjoyment of her Person.

This terrified her to such a degree, that she fainted away in his Arms, and he certainly that Moment had compleated the utmost of his Wishes, had they been in a proper Place; but he feared an Interruption, so only made use of his usual Method of recovering her, Kisses and Embraces.

She came to herself, and reproached him with Unkindness in thinking of quitting her; he accused her of Injustice, in endeavouring to detain him in so uneasy

a Situation. — Still persisting in his Resolution of going from his Grandmother's, and said, he would no longer be tantalized. — *When absent from you*, cried he, *I shall think no more of you, than I did before I knew you loved me; or if I do, shall easily find my Consolation in the Arms of some Woman of a less scrupulous Humour* — do not be surprized therefore, nor pretend to fall into Fits, if you find that I prepare with all speed I can to go to London.

No Description is sufficient to set forth the Agonies she fell into at hearing these Words — she wept, she tore her Hair, she beat her Breast, wrung her Hands, and gave all the Tokens of the most distracted Grief. — *Wherefore*, said he, *will you thus torment yourself and me* — I have done every thing in my power to give you Ease, and if you have not Generosity enough to contribute to mine, I am obliged to do as I have said — but come, continued he, fondly pressing her to his Breast, force me not to the cruel Necessity of Parting, yield that we may both be blest. —

To this, she made no other Reply than a Sigh, accompanied with a look which seemed to give a tacit Consent. — *Shall I come to your Chamber to-night ?* cried he. *Yes*, replied she, *but I will promise nothing farther.* — *Nay*, returned he, *if we part, as we did the last time you admitted me, we part for ever.* — *Well*, said she, kissing him, *if you will Ruin me, you must* — *I cannot live without you.*

They had but just time to make this fatal Assignment — they heard their Grandmother's Foot upon the Stairs, and he took up a Book as if amusing himself with reading, and she ran into the next Room, where she had left some Work she was doing.

The Dead of Night being arrived, and every watchful Eye closed in a profound Repose, *Dalinda* lay trembling expecting the Approach of her too dear *Malvolio*, as yet uncertain whether she should comply with his Desires or not. — He came, and without any further Prelude, was about to throw himself into the Bed.

— *Hold,*

Hold, cried she, I conjure you to sit down a Moment — I cannot resolve to give up my Honour, unless you will promise to marry me at a convenient Time. — I will marry you, replied he, if you continue to desire I should, or if you happen to prove with Child. With these Words, he took hold of the Bed-clothes in order to turn them down, but she keeping them fast with both her Hands, yet stay, said she, satisfy me in one thing, and I will be yours without Reluctance. What now, demanded he, impatiently — I would fain fancy myself your Wife, rejoined she, whether ever I am so in reality or not. — There is a Common-Prayer-Book in the Window — let us read the Marriage Ceremony together — you answering to the Man's Part, and I to the Woman's — this will put all my Scruples to Silence, and sanctify my Obedience to you in every thing. — Then perceiving he looked a little dissatisfied at this Proposal, You cannot mean to do fairly by me, continued she, if you refuse this — consider what I request will have no Force to bind you beyond your Inclination — the Law will

have no Eye to such a Marriage — dearest Malvolio, do not refuse a thing so insignificant in it self, yet of so much Consequence to the Peace of my whole Life.

Well, Dalinda, to shew you how much I love you, answered he, *I will humour you in this Whim. —* He then immediately fetched the Book, and between them they read the whole Service of Marriage, which ended, *Dalinda* was no longer coy. — She received his Endearments with the warmest Transports, and they past all the remaining part of the Night together, in the fullest Gratification of their mutual Wishes. — The Day obliging them to separate ; he withdrew to his own Chamber, but not without promising to renew the Joys, he said he yet had but a Taste of, the next Night.

The Truth is, both Parties were now extremely contented, and pleased in their own Minds ; *Dalinda*, in thinking herself forever united to the Man she had so long languished for, and could not have lived without ; and *Malvolio*, in having so lovely a young Creature entirely at his command,
yet

yet at liberty to quit her and marry another, whenever Fortune should present him with an Offer to his Advantage.

The Lovers, however, had not continued their amorous Intercourse above three or four Months, before *Dalinda* had some Reasons to think herself pregnant — she was far from being troubled at it, because *Malvolio* had always promised to marry her if she proved with Child; but he, who, 'tis plain, had never any such Intention, was extremely alarmed when she revealed to him her Suspicions, which not doubting there was Cause to believe well grounded, he began to reflect what Measures could be taken to prevent the ill Consequences of a Discovery of what he had done — to repair her Honour by marrying her, he could not support the Thoughts of; and could expect no other than the utter Loss of his Grandmother's Favour, and the Reproaches of all their Kindred, for having debauched a Girl so near him in Blood, and of such fair Expectations. — The Affair between them being divulged, appeared so

dreadful to him, that he resolved to prevent it, though by means equally detestable to God and Man; which were to prevail on her to take something to cause an Abortion.

To work her up to this Pitch of Wick-
edness, he omitted no Argument he could
think of, in order to prove the Sin was not
so great, but that it might be excused by
the Necessity: but finding her Nature
shrunk at the unnatural Deed, he began
to use more rough Language, and told
her, she must, and should take the Mea-
sure he proposed, since there was no other
to prevent a Discovery of their Engag-
ment, the Consequence of which, must be
his eternal Ruin. These Words roused
a Spirit he had never before thought her
capable of, at least to him. — She re-
proached his Brutality — she reminded
him of his Promise of marrying her pub-
lickly, in case this Accident should hap-
pen, and insisted on his fulfilling it; de-
claring, if he did not, she would make
her Grandmother acquainted with the
whole Transaction. — He grew now
beyond

beyond all Patience, and darting a furious Look at her. ——— *Will you ?* said he ; *do then, ——— the Infamy will be all your own, when my part of the Story is revealed, which you may depend upon, it shall—— the Folly I have been guilty of, in pity to the Condition I saw you in, may perhaps incur my Grandmother's Displeasure ; but I know the worst of it ; I must have something, which all her Anger cannot deprive me of ——— I will sell the Reversion, and go and live abroad ——— so I leave you to consider on it. ———*

With these Words, he flung out of the Room, leaving her in a Consternation, more easy to be imagined than described. ——— Rage and Disdain at his unmanly Threat, at first taking Possession of her Soul, represented him to her, as the greatest of all Villains ; but these were Passions which could not at present maintain a settled Empire there ——— soon they gave way to Emotions of a softer Nature, and Love, all powerful Love, resumed the Throne ——— She now remembered, that if she considered herself as his Wife, she ought to have made use of Terms more
submissive ;

submissive; that if she could not comply with his Commands, it was her Duty to have in the most tender and gentle manner endeavoured to convince him of the Injustice of them, and win him to an Alteration of his Purpose, without seeming to oppose her Reason against his.—Upon the whole, she greatly condemned her own Behaviour in this Point, and though she could not bring herself to do as he desired, yet to soften her Refusal as much as possible, and to beg he would think of some other means to conceal what had passed between them — it came into her Head to propose, that when her Pregnancy should be in danger of growing visible, to go to *London*, take a Lodging in a Midwife's House, and remain there till after her Delivery, as she had been told, many Women had done; the great Difficulty, as she was circumstanced, was to find a plausible Pretence for leaving her Grandmother's House, or for not going to that of her Father, or of some other of her Kindred when in *London*; but this she hoped, the Invention of *Malvolio* would supply.

Having

Having determined to communicate this Project to him, and entreat his Pardon for her late Abruptness, she ran into the Garden, thinking he had gone that way; not finding him there, she asked one of the Servants if he had seen him, who, told her, that he had just taken Horse for * * * *, a Place about twelve Miles distant, where a Cousin of theirs had a Seat, and had told his Grandmother he should not return in a Week at soonest, — she was grieved to the Heart that he had left her in Displeasure; but flattered herself with a Reconciliation when he came back.

He staid near three Weeks, and she would have been inconsolable in an Absence, which to her seemed so long, if, during that time, she had not discovered that the Apprehensions of her Pregnancy were without Foundation. — A Farmer who lived in the Neighbourhood came in, and said he had seen *Malvolio*, that he was coming home, and had desired he would call, and order another Horse to be sent him at a Place he named, his

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own being taken suddenly with the Staggers, and he did not chuse to walk ; tho' he was then but four Miles off, the Road being extremely dirty, and no passing the Foot-way. — *Dalinda* was overjoy'd to hear he was coming, yet trembled at seeing him, on account of the manner in which they had parted — she ran to her Chamber to compose herself as well as she could, lest the Appearance of any Disorder might have raised Suspicion. — After paying his Duty to his Grandmother, he saluted her, but in so cold a manner, only touching her Cheek, that she easily perceived his ill Humour towards her still continued — they were just sitting down to Supper when he came in : He never looked towards her the whole time, or drank to her, and when she once did so to him, he seemed to take no notice of it — she found an Opportunity, however, to slip a little Note into his Hand, which she had prepared as a Peace-Offering for him, on the News of his being on the Road. — The Contents were as follows :

“ DALINDA

“ DALINDA to her dear Cousin and
Husband.

“ *Soul of my Soul, and Lord of all my Wishes,*

“ I Have not slept since your Depart-
“ ture, through the Fears of having
“ offended you beyond Forgiveness —
“ how great soever my Fault may appear,
“ I am sure you would think the Punish-
“ ment adequate, if you knew how much
“ I suffer ——— Forget what’s past I be-
“ seech you, by all the Love you have
“ profest, and which I feel for you to
“ the greatest Excess that ever Woman
“ did ——— be assured I will sooner die
“ than ever more oppose your Will what-
“ ever it be ——— let me see you to-
“ night in my Chamber ——— I will
“ leave the Door open, and have some-
“ thing to inform you of will please you
“ ——— if you fail coming to-night, do
“ not expect to see me alive to-morrow.—

“ *Adieu.*”

It

It would be needless to tell the Reader, with what Impatience she waited his Approach — the least Reflection on her past Behaviour will be sufficient to make the present guess'd at — at length he came, and put an end to the most cruel Suspence she yet had ever known — at first he talked to her in a manner magisterial enough; but on her Contrition, and acquainting him that all their Fears, as to her being with Child were over for the present, he vouchsafed not only to pardon her, but also to return her Endearments with some Warmth.

For some time they lived perfectly in Content with each other. — The Death of *Dalinda's* Father, which happen'd soon after, very much affecting her, *Malvolio* carried with more Tendernefs to her than he had ever done before, in order to alleviate her Grief. — Her Fortune being now settled, and at her Disposal, she generously offered him a Part of it; this, though he would not accept, he seem'd then to take extremely kind, and all his Actions both in publick and private, now gave her reason to think her-

herself convinced she had so entirely the Possession of his Heart, that the Affections of it could never be alienated from her, much less capable of a Change in favour of another.

It is not indeed to be doubted, but that at this time she was not wholly indifferent to him ; but Self-Interest, and the Ambition of living great in the World, was his predominate Aim ; and Love was able to hold but the second place, nay, was liable to be totally extirpated, if contradictory to those other Passions, as poor *Dalinda* afterwards most sadly experienced.

Her ill Fate, however, did not come rushing on her all at once — she grew wretched by degrees, and for a long time had Intervals of Satisfaction amidst her Anxieties — she was frequently flattered with the Hope that Affliction had done its worst, and had taken leave of her in the last Disappointment she had sustained ; and this short Ease, enabled her to go through the Inquietudes which alternately succeeded, and which, without those
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Intermissions must have totally overwhelmed her. — But to return.

Her Father's Death was soon after followed by that of *Malvolio's*, and the Estate of Consequence descended to him ; but there were Incumbrances on it, which made him think himself under the same Necessity as before to marry a Woman with a Fortune ; and as he had a better Pretence for addressing such a one, all his Friends were continually persecuting him to lose no time in looking out for a proper Object, and as they thought he seemed too dilatory in that Affair, were so kind as to take the Trouble upon themselves, and several Ladies were proposed to him. — These Discourses, which *Dalinda* was continually hearing, threw her Mind into most terrible Convulsions, which at length were followed by those of the Body. — She was now again so extremely ill, that her Life was despaired of ; and the Physician, who attended her, told them, as he had done in her former Sickness, that all she laboured under was occasioned by some
secret

secret Grief which preyed upon her Vitals.

Malvolio, who alone was truly sensible of the Cause, could not forbear pitying her, and whenever they were alone, said every thing he could think of to console her — he told her she ought not to afflict herself in this manner for the idle Talk of People, who were more officious than he desired they should be — and reminded her, that he had not, as yet, made any Efforts towards following their Advice, — *As yet*, interrupted she; *will your Conscience permit you even ever to think of such a thing?* — *Not seriously*, replied he, seeing she was greatly moved; *but I flatter myself you have so much Prudence, and Regard to our mutual Interest, as to give me leave to make a Shew of addressing any Lady who happens to be recommended to me, in order to the better concealing the Engagements between us, till a fit time offers for revealing the Truth.*

To this she made no Answer, but wept bitterly: — he kissed away the Tears as they fell down her Cheeks, and embracing

bracing her with the utmost Tenderneſs, begged her to compoſe herſelf; for he would never be prevailed upon to do any thing without her Conſent. — On this Promiſe, ſhe ſeemed a little better ſatisfied, and he continued to treat her with all imaginable Kindneſs till ſhe was perfectly recovered. — Such was her Affection for him, that like Fate itſelf, he had the Power of her Health or Sickneſs, her Life or Death, entirely in his Hands.

This unfortunate poor Creature had not quitted her Chamber above a Fortnight or three Weeks before a new Accident happened, which was very near throwing her into a Condition to return to it again. — *Malvolio* received a Letter from a Friend in *London*, acquainting him, that he had the Opportunity of introducing him to a young Lady, who had an immenſe Fortune at her own Diſpoſal, and adviſing him to ſet out directly, that no time might be loſt. — The very Propoſal of ſuch a thing, gave her a moſt terrible alarm; but when ſhe found her Grandmother, and all their Relations round the Country,

were hurrying him to go, and he himself was making some Preparations for his Journey, her Grief was beyond all Bounds. — she lamented her too easy Belief in the most pathetic Terms, and reminded him of the Obligation he was under to her, which, however invalid in the Eye of the Law, was not so in that of Heaven. — Here, he affected to turn into Ridicule all she said on that Occasion, and told her, that if Heaven took Cognizance of such Crimes, he believed there were few Men who would escape its Vengeance; and then with a gay Air, repeated these Lines of Mr. Dryden.

*There is no such thing as Constancy we call;
Faith ties not Heart, 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
First Constancy in Love a Virtue made:
From Friendship they that Land-mark did
remove,
And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.*

But upon my Soul, continued he, my dear Girl, I have so entire a Friendship for you,

you, that I would do any thing to make you easy, and if you have the same for me, you would not desire I should do any thing against my Interest. — Heaven! cried she, then you will marry this Woman that is proposed to you? — I do not say any such thing, replied he; but there is an absolute Necessity for me to seem as if I were willing to accept my Friend's Offer. I can make a thousand Excuses for not courting her after I have once seen her, which I cannot do before. — I must therefore go to London, and you must also seem to wish me to succeed in this pretended Courtship, or any other I may be forced into — we have no other way, added he, to take off the Suspicion my Grandmother has of some Engagement between us. — My Lot is very hard, said Dalinda weeping, yet I could be easy enough, methinks, how many soever you pretended to court, if we were married in Form by a Parson. — That's impossible here, answered he; how should we procure a Licence, or Parson to do the Office, without the whole Country being apprized of it? — I know that, cried

cried she, *but cannot I make some Pretence for going to London? and cannot we marry there without any body here being the wiser?* ——— *the latter is easy enough,* replied he, *but the former seems impracticable without giving Jealousy.* ——— *I would not be willing to do that upon any score,* resumed she? *but if I could contrive it so as not to be suspected, would you really marry me?* ——— He told her he would; and with that, the Conversation ended.

He did not come into her Chamber above once or twice a Week, fearing too often a Repetition of such nocturnal Visits might some time or other occasion a Discovery; so he saw her not after having given her the above Promise till the next Day, when she appeared so gay, so chearful, as made him see she had something in her Head which extremely pleased her; and as he very well knew how much all the Wishes of her Heart were confined to him alone, doubted not but something relating to himself had occasioned it. ——— Curiosity made him seek an Opportunity of speaking to her

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alone,

alone, but a great deal of Company happening to come in that Day, prevented his being able to execute his purpose; she was no less impatient to communicate to him what she had in her Mind, and had been equally industrious, but in vain; she found only a Moment, which she employed in bidding him come that Night into her Room; he gave a Nod of Consent, and that was all that passed.

The Men sat up drinking till the Night was far advanced, and it was past Three o'Clock before he could go to her; after some mutual Endearments, she told him she had found out an Excuse for following him to *London*, which neither her Grandmother, nor any one else could take as a Cover for any other Design that what she pretended ——— which was this, ——— you know, said she, *that my Fortune is in the Hands of my elder Brother, he proposes to pay me but Four per Cent. which both my Grandmother and myself think too little, especially as we know he cannot part with the Principal at this time, without great Inconvenience to his Affairs ——— now,*
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continued she, *I will tell her that my Business in London, is to endeavour to oblige him, to give me better Interest, by threatening to draw it out of his Hands, and place it elsewhere — this I shall persuade her I can more easi'y do by talking to him in Person than by Letter.*

The Contrivance was plausible, and *Malvolio* had no Objection to make to it, only told her he would not have her mention it till he had been gone some time, and when she did, as a thing she had but just thought of, in order to prevent their Grandmother from suspecting it a Scheme that had been consulted between them. — She assured him, she would manage with the extremest Caution, but, said she, *will you marry me on my Arrival? I have told you I will, answer he, but you must swear to keep it secret.* That she assured him she would do, till he should find it convenient to give her full Permission to reveal it.

The Reader will, perhaps, be surprized what *Malvolio* meant by this, since it is pretty plain, by all his Behaviour, that

he never intended to make her effectually his Wife; but the Case stood thus—— He was in continual Apprehensions, that the Extravagance of her Passion for him would some time or other transport her to discover all that had past between them, which he thought would infallibly ruin him with his Grandmother, perhaps occasion a Duel between him and some one or other of her Brothers, for she had three, throw the whole Family into Confusion, and what was worse than all to him, prevent him from marrying a Lady with a Fortune sufficient to gratify his Ambition. — All these Mischiefs he fancied might be averted by humouring *Dalinda* with giving her his Hand before a Parson, which he resolved to do in so private a manner, as she should not be able to prove it in case any Quarrel between them should make her cease to think herself under an Obligation of keeping it a Secret.

As to *Dalinda*, who was free from all Deceit herself towards him, and depended on his being equally sincere to her, she desired this Marriage only as she imagined

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it would then be impossible for him to listen to any Proposals which might hereafter be made him on that Head in Favour of any other Woman ; and his entering so readily into the Scheme she laid for accomplishing this Point, seemed to her so convincing a Proof of his Love and Honour, that she began to think herself the happiest Woman upon Earth.

Notwithstanding all her Impatience for the Accomplishment of a Thing she so ardently wished for, and looked upon as the Crown of all her Hopes, she kept inviolably the Promise she had made him, and spoke not the least Syllable of her intended Journey to *London*, till after he had been gone a Fortnight, and when she did, introduced her Reasons for speaking to her Brother in so artful a manner, that her Grandmother, whatever she thought, could say nothing in Opposition to her Design, and she accordingly set out in the Stage-Coach without taking her Maid, saying she thought it would be a needless Expence, as she should stay no longer than was absolutely necessary for the Completion

of her Affairs, which she hoped would be but a few Days. — Her Brother not having a House in Town, she had desired *Malvolio* to take a Lodging for her, and having apprized him by a Letter what Day she should arrive, he met her at the Inn, and conducted her to the Apartment he had provided for her Reception. He received her with good Humour and Tenderness, — they supped together, and he shewed her a Letter which he had received from their Grandmother ; which contained these Lines,

“ Dear *Malvolio*,

“ **Y**OUR Cousin *Dalinda* has this
 “ Morning set out for *London* —
 “ she tells me her Design in going is to
 “ oblige her Brother to allow her Five
 “ *per Cent.* for her Fortune, or take it
 “ out of his Hands. — I know not
 “ whither, as you are there, I ought
 “ to believe what she pretends is the real
 “ Intention of her going, but I would
 “ not oppose it, as I am loth to let her
 “ see I am acquainted with her Foolish-
 “ ness

“ nefs in regard to you. — I hope
“ you will do nothing to encourage it in
“ her — if you can serve her in her
“ Affairs, I shall be glad, and would have
“ you endeavour to persuade her Brother
“ to comply with her Demands; but I
“ desire, and command you on my Blessing,
“ never to behave towards her in any
“ Fashion, that may make her think you
“ have any Affection for her beyond that
“ of a Kinswoman, much less to entertain
“ the least thought of making her your
“ Wife — such a thing would be the
“ ruin of you both, and break my Heart
“ — if the Lady you are now about
“ does not answer, I have heard of one
“ in our own Country that will be a very
“ suitable Match; let me know how you
“ proceed. — I am

“ Your affectionate Grandmother.”

Dalinda trembled while she read this Letter, for the Effect it might have on him, to the Disappointment of her Expectations; but he soon eased her Suspence,

by taking her in his Arms, and saying, *My Dear, you see the Necessity there is for our keeping what we do a Secret.* —

She replied, that she was perfectly convinced of it, and would preserve it inviolably, and added to this Promise the most solemn Affirmation that Words could form.

The next Day was appointed for the Celebration of their Nuptials; but for the greater Privacy, it was agreed should be at the *Fleet*, and when Candles were lighted — the unsuspecting *Dalinda* made no Objection to any thing he proposed on this Score, but look'd on this Readiness in him to marry her, so great a Demonstration of the Integrity and Constancy of his Heart, that it ought to be the whole Business of her Life, to render herself worthy of so excellent a Man. — Had his Designs indeed, been such, as he pretended, or as she believed them to be, he would indeed have deserved, not only all the Affection and Obedience she could pay him, but also the Esteem and Applause of the whole Sex; but, alas! the
Event

Event soon after shewed her Happiness was the least thing he had at Heart — that all his Views were selfish, and that in this very thing, which look'd so much like Honour in him, he but practis'd the most cruel Deceit on her, in order to bring her by degrees to Consent to every thing he found was for his Interest.

This great Point being settled, she ask'd him, if he had seen the Lady for whose sake he was invited to *London*; he told her, that he had, that she was too handsome for him to make any reasonable Objection to her Person, and therefore had pretended her Fortune was not sufficient, *though*, said he, *she has ten thousand Pounds in her own Possession, and has great Expectations on the Death of an old Uncle*; but, added he, *I must say something to my Friend who recommended me, so I told him, I could not marry without twelve thousand Pounds down.*

Dalinda, it must be owned, had reason to think herself obliged to him in refusing such an Offer on her Account, — she was quite transported, and ready to

fall at his Feet, and adore his Goodness, little imagining what afterwards she heard, was in reality the Case, that he had been at once utterly rejected by the Lady, and that the Gentleman who introduced him, had little or rather no weight, either with her, or her Relations, and he but fared the worse on the Account of the Person who spoke for him.

They had also some Discourse concerning the Lady hinted at in the Grandmother's Letter, but neither of them could guess with any Certainty, which of the many there were in that County, the good old Gentlewoman meant. *It matters not,* cried *Malvolio*, kissing her, *since I am already disposed of to one whom I prefer to all the World.*

In fine, the obliging Things he said to her, were such as might have won any Woman into a Dependance on his Sincerity, much more one so young, so unexperienced, and so artless as *Dalinda*:
 — She now look'd on herself as overpaid, for all the Sorrows her Passion had cost her, thought them all past, and that
 her

her future Life would be one continued
Scene of Tranquility.

Excess of Joy is often as great an Enemy to Sleep as Excess of Grief. —

Dalinda closed not her Eyes all Night, so could have no Dreams to warn her of her Fate, or give any Allevy, by their Forbodings, to her present Contentment. —

Early in the Morning, *Malvolio* came to visit her, breakfasted with her, then accompanied her to her Brother's Lodgings, where they dined, and had some Discourse on the Business which she pretended was her Errand to *London*, which they not agreeing about, *Dalinda* took her leave, and *Malvolio* went with her to the House of another Relation, where they drank Tea, and about the Close of Day came away — when they were got out of that Street, *Malvolio* call'd a Hackney-Coach, which drove them to the *Fleet*. He discharged the Coach, and walk'd with her a little way, then led her into an obscure House, the Door of which was open — he bid her follow him, which she did up two Pair of Stairs, into a little dirty

Room with one small Candle, which but just served to shew the Wretchedness of the Place — a Clergyman, and an old Woman, who was to officiate as Clerk, stood ready to receive them, having before been apprized of their coming by *Malvolio*. — This Clergyman, whether real or pretended is uncertain, performed the Marriage Ceremony, and *Malvolio* gave him the usual Fee. After which, he brought a Book, and demanded Money for registering the Marriage: *Malvolio* seemed to think he asked too much, the other said, it was not the Custom to give less, nor would he take it, then, said he, *it shall not be registered at all*. — *Da'inda* would have been glad it should have been, but durst not speak for fear of putting her Bridegroom out of Humour.

I mention these Particulars, only to shew the extreme Caution with which *Malvolio* conducted this Affair; and how little likely to be the better *Dalinda* was for such a Marriage. — A Marriage not registered, — to which she had neither

Certificate nor Witness, neither knew the Name of the Parson, nor could be able even to find the House again where it had been performed. ——— She imagin'd, indeed, she had more reason to think herself his legal Wife than before, but could no way prove to the World she was so, in case she should have Occasion to do so, which that she ever should have any, was at that time the least of her Fears.

During her Stay in *London*, he continued to treat her with a great deal of Tenderness, and laboured with all his might, having his Grandmother's Sanction to do so, to bring her Brother to give the advanced Interest she demanded, which, after many Arguments, and her positively assuring him she would otherwise take her Fortune out of his Hands, he at length yielded to; but this Consent being in a manner extorted from him, it being altogether at present inconvenient, and almost impossible for him to pay down her whole Portion at once, without deeply mortgaging his Estate, made him take so great a Disgust to his Sister, that he was
never

never after thoroughly reconciled to her, as she found by sad Experience, at a time when she had most need of his Friendship.

Many People highly blamed *Dalinda* for bearing so hard upon her Brother in this Point; and indeed, there was something a little ungenerous in it; but she was trained up from her Infancy to love Money above all Things, and had besides, a Tincture of Avarice in her Nature, so that it, more than all she did besides, proved the Extravagance of her Love for *Malvolio*, when she made him the Offer, as I before observed, of Part of her Fortune.

The Grandmother hearing that *Malvolio*'s Courtship to the Lady in Town, was entirely at an end, wrote a very pressing Letter to him to come down, repeating the Hint she had before giving him concerning one in the Country, whose Alliance she told him, had the Prospect of considerable Advantage.

He could not without running the Hazard of disobliging her, avoid obeying this Summons ——— he resolved to go immediately,

mediately, but thought proper *Dalinda* should stay some time behind, in order to remove whatever Suspicions might arise, by her seeming to prefer the Pleasures of *London* to his Company ——— she allowed the Justice of his Reasoning, but comply'd with some Reluctance, especially, as she found he was sent for to enter into a new Courtship. ——— He assured her, that whatever Perfections the Lady might be Mistress of, he could have no Eyes to see them, much less a Heart to be captivated by them, that his whole Soul, taken up with the Image of his dear *Dalinda*, had no room for any new Intruder; and that his Love and Constancy would always supply him with some Invention to refuse all Offers made to her Prejudice.

With such like Flatteries, joined with a Promise of writing to her every Post, he calmed the Disquiets which on this Separation, and the Motive of it, were beginning to rise in her Mind. ———

If she had any remaining, the first Letter she received from him entirely dis-

sipated

sipated them ——— He acquainted her, that the Lady mentioned by his Grandmother, was already under a private, but most solemn Engagement to marry one who was his intimate Friend ——— that they only waited the Death of her Father to consummate their mutual Wishes ——— and that he, being told there was some Talk of his intended Addresses, had discovered the whole Affair to him, on his Promise of keeping it a Secret, which he had done from all but his Grandmother, who it was necessary should be informed, but had assured him should never escape. ——— “ So”, said he in his Letter, “ this Business has luckily gone
“ off of itself, and I hope I shall rest for
“ some time at least, free from any Proposals which must embarrass me; and,
“ what is much worse to me, give Uneasiness to the tender Heart of my dear
“ *Dalinda*; but comfort yourself, a Day
“ will come, I hope, when we may avow the Sentiments we have for each
“ other ——— burn this Letter, for fear
“ of Accidents, but preserve in Memory
“ the

“ the Kindness of it, with all the other
“ Proofs you have received, from him
“ who wishes nothing more than to be

“ *Yours for ever,*

“ **MALVOLIO.**”

He had forbid her to send any Answer, because there was a strong probability, that her Letters might come when he was from home, and so be intercepted by their Grandmother, who, he informed her was not quite cured of her Apprehensions on her Account. — Had she been permitted to write, her Pen had doubtless flowed with Transport, but as she was restrained from venting those Acknowledgments, she thought his Constancy and Honour merited, she contented herself with punctually obeying his Commands, in committing to the Flames, not only this, but all the Letters she received from him during her stay in *London*, which being now about three Weeks, she began to be impatient at being so long
apart

apart from her dear Husband, and likewise at the Expence she was at; for she paid nothing to her Grandmother for her own or Servant's Board. — These Motives conjoined, made her resolve to return, which she did, much sooner than *Malvolio* desired she should.

A certain Nobleman, nearly allied to their Family, had proposed to him a young Lady, to whom I will give the Name of *Flavilla*. — Her Father was dead; and herself, and a large Estate, of which she was the sole Heiress, was in the Guardianship of her Mother, over whom this Nobleman had a very great Influence. — *Malvolio* had been introduced both to the Mother and Daughter, was extremely well received by the former, and not ill by the Daughter — he had Permission to visit at their own House, and the Match seemed in great forwardness, when *Dalinda* arrived. He was then at the House of his new Mistress, and she was immediately informed, both where he was, and the Business on which he went: If he had taken the Precaution, which in other things he

he used towards her, to have informed her by Letter that such a thing was in Agitation, she would doubtless have looked upon it, as one of those feigned Courtships, which she had promised to be easy under, but here his Artifice failed him; he expected her not so soon, and perhaps flattered himself, that he should carry his Point, and marry the Lady before she came, and that once done, the other, finding Complaints could bring her no Redress, would be prevailed upon to bury every thing in Silence. But this sudden Surprise deprived her of all recollecting, all power of forming any Excuse for him in her own Mind; the Silence he had observed towards her on this Occasion, made her not doubt the Truth of what she heard; and in this instant Hurry of her Spirits, overcame with mingled Rage and Grief, nothing is more to be wondered at, than that she did not let fall some unguarded Expressions, which might have let the whole Family into the Truth: She did not, however, but pretending she was fatigued with her Journey, went up to her

her Chamber, where she soon after made herself be put to Bed, not being able to eat any thing, or come down that Night.

She past this whole Night in the most bitter Anguish ——— accused the Severity of her Fate, and the Perfidy of Mankind, and the next Morning her Grandmother coming into the Room, found her so extremely ill, that a Physician was sent for. ——— *Malvolio* came home the same Day, and being told of her Return and Indisposition was very much chagrined at both; and now condemn'd himself for not having taken the Measures he might have done to prevent her resenting his present Conduct. ——— He was ruminating what Course he should now take to pacify her; when hearing he was come, she sent her Maid to tell him, she desired to speak with him. His Grandmother was present, and he knew not well what Answer he should make, when she saved him any further Hesitation, by saying, *the Girl is mad I think — she will never leave off these Follies, — but go,* continued she, *go, and bear what she has to say*

say to you. On this, *Malvolio* went hastily up stairs; and *Dalinda* on seeing him enter, ordered her Maid to leave the Room.

—— *Are you not a Villain?* cried she.

Are you distracted? replied he, *or do you in your Senses resolve to ruin both yourself and me.* —— She then beckon'd him to

sit down on the Bed-side, where, as soon as he had placed himself, she began to expostulate with him on the Affair of

his Courtship, on which he broke into a violent Rage, *What, said he, am I to be perpetually persecuted in this manner on your Account?*

first, by my Grandmother, and all my Friends, and then by your rash Suspicions —— *was it not agreed between us* ——

Did you not consent; nay, seem to think it proper, I should make a feign'd Address to whoever I was recommended to?

—— *Am I doing any thing now you had not reason to expect, and had promised to be contented with?*

All the Reproaches *Dalinda* had prepared to load him with were put to Silence —— these Words, from him, quite abash'd and struck her dumb, and she could

could only say, *Why then, were you not so good to acquaint me with this new Proposal? Because,* answered he, *I knew your Weakness, and thought it would be quite over before you came down. — Then it is not over yet,* cried she; *No,* said he, *but it will be shortly, for I have thrown a stumbling Block in the way, which will infallibly knock all on the Head. —*

What, interrupted she eagerly; *I have,* answered he, *proposed to make her a Settlement of that part of my Land which you know is disputable, and when they come to find it out, as they will do, on examining the Writings, I shall be immediately, to my great Satisfaction, utterly discarded. —*

This, as she believed it implicitly, had an instant Effect on her, she presently grew well, and her sudden Recovery being imputed to the Prescription of the Doctor, got him a great Reputation. —

Malvolio, however, was not presently brought into good Humour with her: —

he chid her severely, and told her, that a few more of such Flights as these, would not only make him repent
having

having married her, but also wean his Affection from her, which so frightened her, that she resolved, whatever she heard, or said, she never for the future would discover any Symptoms of Disquiet.

There was, however, some Shadow of Truth in what *Malvolio* had told her — the Mother of *Flavilla* was not quite satisfied with his Title to some Part of his Estate, not that it was to be a Jointure for her Daughter, her own being to be settled on her, but it was looked upon as a good Provision for younger Children, and without that Matter being clear'd up, she could not look upon him as a sufficient Match for her Daughter. — It was the Lawyers therefore, who were to decide this Matter, and according to that, the Marriage was either to be concluded, or broke off at once: And as the searching of old Records, and examining of Tenants who had rented the Lands for many Years, took some time, during which the Affair continued in suspense, the Story *Malvolio* had framed, passed

passed for sacred Truth with the poor deceived *Dalinda*.

It may, perhaps, be wondered at, that *Dalinda* living in the same House should be a Stranger to any Part of this Transaction, but may be easily reconciled, on considering the Circumstances she was in, and the Reasons *Malvolio* had for keeping her in the Dark : ——— The Servants, indeed, knew he courted such a Lady, but what Progress he made in his Attempt, was an entire Secret to them ; that Matter being never talk'd on but between him and his Grandmother, and that Lady was too sensible of the Inclinations of *Dalinda*, ever to entertain her with any thing concerning it, nor did the other ever dare to ask any Questions for fear of giving room for the Cause of her Curiosity being suspected : *Malvolio*, therefore, had the same Opportunity of deceiving her, as if he had been an hundred Miles off.

In the mean while, the great Ascendant that Nobleman above-mentioned had over the Mother of *Flavilla*, and the Vigour, with which he exerted it, joined
with

with a private Gratification to her Lawyer, removed the late Objection, and *Malvolio* was let to know, he might renew his Visits, which he not neglecting to do, gave poor *Dalinda* many bitter Pangs, though she now took no less Pains to conceal them from him, than from the rest of the Family. Every Visit he made, she could not keep herself from feeling strange Convulsions of Mind the whole time he was absent, which was usually five or six Days, the Lady's Seat being above thirty Miles off; but on his return, he always flatter'd her with the Hopes that things were now drawing to a Crisis, which would put an end to all her Doubts. — They were so, indeed, but not in the way she thought — every thing being now agreed, and the Ceremony only waited for the drawing up the Marriage Articles.

Perceiving he had bought a great Stock of Shirts, trimm'd much finer than those he was accustomed to wear, and that a new Wig, Hat, and a Suit of very rich Clothes were brought home, the Sight very much alarmed her, and she could

not now forbear expressing some Fears, by asking when he would break off with *Flavilla*; and told him, that as he could not marry her, it was unjust to carry the matter so far, as his frequent Visits might engage the young Lady's Affections, and render her miserable for her whole Life.

—— No, no, cried he, *there is no Danger of that; for I can easily see she likes me as little as I do her* —— *it is only in Compliance with her Mother, that she admits me as a Lover.* —— *Alas! return'd Dalinda sighing, I see no end of this.* —— *The old Lady, replied he, is so impatient to get her Daughter married, that she has jumped over all the Objections I have hitherto made; but I believe I have now found one she will not so easily surmount* —— *when I come back, said he, I will tell you all, but not before, for fear it should prove as unsuccessful as the others have done, but be easy till then, I charge you; for I cannot bear to be teaz'd in this manner, having enough upon my hands already.* He spoke these last Words, with so surly an Accent, that she durst add nothing farther,

farther, at that time; but the Night before he went, being in Bed together, and he seeming in a better Humour, she ventured to renew the Discourse, on which he took her in his Arms, and said, *My Dear, if you could get over these Delicacies it would be better for us both — suppose now you consented I should marry her, — she is so ugly I can never love her — and of so bad a Constitution, that she cannot live a Year, and I should have the best Part of her Fortune to make you Mistress of. — O Heavens, cried Dalinda, in the utmost Horror, it is not possible! Sure you could not have such a Thought, even though I were mean spirited enough to encourage it — the bare mention of so monstrous a Wickedness chills all my Blood! —* He affected to laugh at the Fright he had put her into, and told her, he spoke it but to try her.

This did not calm the Disorder so wild a Proposition had given her; but she dissembled her Discontents, fearing to offend him; she reflected, however, several times after he was gone, how miserable she must

be, if he should, indeed, act in the manner he had mentioned, — the bare thinking of such a Thing denoted a Possibility of it, and it seemed to her, that if he had looked upon the marrying another Woman to be the enormous Crime, with the same Eyes she did, he never would have had it in his Head, much less have closed what he said on that score, with a kind of persuasive Argument, that she was ugly, and so sickly, she could not live above a Year — her Death was a chance *Dalinda* would never have trusted to, even could her Love for him have yielded to share him with a Rival for that time, or her Conscience have permitted her to connive at his deceiving a young Lady such as *Flavilla*. — In fine, the more she pondered on that Speech of his, the more odd she found it — loth she was to think him perfidious, yet could not assure herself he was not so; and in this Fluctuation of Sentiments endured a great deal.

He had been gone upwards of a Week; but as he had frequently staid as long
this

this would not have added to her Disquiets, if it had not been a Proof that the Courtship was not broke off, as he had given her Hopes it would; and she was beginning to give way to all her former Anxieties, when, in an unexpected manner, she received News which confirmed the most dreadful Apprehensions her Jealousy had formed.

She was sitting at Work in the ParLOUR, when a Servant of her Grandmother came running in, and said, some Men who happened to pass through the Town where *Flavilla* lived, had seen that Lady and *Malvolio* come together out of a Church, the Bells of which were ringing a joyful Peel — to this the Grandmother replied, without any Surprize or Emotion—*there is nothing strange in that — the Bells always ring at a Wedding* — to attempt any Description of that Agony, with which the Soul of the unfortunate *Dalinda* was at this instant seized, would be to lessen the Idea of it — no Words are capable of painting what she felt — she threw down her Work, flew into her Cham-

ber, and casting herself upon the Bed, gave a loose to all the Horrors of Despair and Rage, and the most poignant Grief — these mingled Passions, all in their Extremes, had doubtless put an end to her wretched Life: Her Heart had burst, had not a Torrent of Tears given some Vent to the swelling Emotions — thus she did continue for full three Hours, Supper being served, she was called down, but she answered, that she was very ill and could not eat. The Grandmother, though she easily guessed the Cause of her Disease, and expected no less, took little Notice of it till she was going to Bed, and then, as she was passing to her Chamber, by that of *Dalinda's*, stept in, and ask'd, how she did? O *Madam!* cried she, *I am the most abused of Women* — *Malvelio, my Cousin* — she was going on, but the old Lady would not permit her — *I shall bear nothing of your Follies*, interrupted she, and flung out of the Room — Could her Grievs have known Addition, this Behaviour in her Grandmother would have given her

a double Share ——— the most cruel Enemy could not have used her worse than she did herself. ——— She had no Mercy on her Hair, her Flesh, her Garments, and it is certain, for a time, was mad ——— all the Remains of Prudence she discovered, was to endeavour to restrain herself before her Maid, and suffer her to assist her in going to Bed; but she was no sooner alone, than she got up again, threw herself on the Floor, naked as she was; but the Violence of this Tempest at length a little abating, she had power to reflect what it was she ought to do in so trying an Exigence. ——— Her Pride represented it to her as the utmost Meanness to bury her Wrongs in Silence, and suffer the Villain to live triumphant in his Crimes, No, said she, *I will go, ——— will proclaim my Marriage ——— will tear him from the Arms of his new Bride ——— will turn their present Scene of Mirth and Joy into one all Horror and Confusion ——— I will shew Malvolio, what he is — the most consummate of all*

Villains; and make my Rival feel some part of the Miseries which weigh me down.

But this was a Resolution which continued but for a Moment — the dreadful Difficulty of proving her Marriage, deterred her from prosecuting a Scheme which in all probability would turn only to her own Disgrace. — This Reflection threw her again into Tears, and she began to find they were her sole Relief, and that she had no Part to take, but such as would render her yet more wretched.

But see the Vicissitudes of Human Passion; as she was in the midst of Complaining, and almost ready to put an end to her Life, by some desperate means, the Flatterer Hope, long banish'd, darted at once amidst the direful Gloom of her disponding Thoughts, and struck into her Mind, that possibly the Report which had thrown her into this Condition, might be founded on a Mistake in those who raised it — that they might see *Malvolio* and *Flavilla* come out of the Church, but as they did not mention, at least as she heard, the Day, it might be on a
Sunday

Sunday, when he being there, could not in common Civility be excused from attending her to Divine Service — that as to the Bells, they might ring for some other Wedding as well as theirs, or on some other Occasion, and that even nothing of all this might have been, but the Fellows had invented it of their own Heads.

This was indeed *possible*; and her Wishes made her imagine it also probable should be the Case, and so pleasing an Imagination sinking by degrees more deeply in her Mind, she look'd back with Shame on her late Resolution of going to *Flavilla's* Seat ——— *Heavens!* cried she, *how wretched, how contemptible must I have been to all the World, if I had pursued so ridiculous a Design!* ——— *How fortunate is it for me that my Grandmother would not listen to the Story I was about to tell her ——— I must for ever have lost the Affection of my Husband, and had deserved to do, if I had revealed even to her a Secret so much to his Prejudice, and which I have also sworn to preserve with*

an inviolable Fidelity. — Perhaps my dear, my faithful Malvolio, has succeeded in the Stratagem he spoke of, for breaking off the Match, and is now returning to me with the pleasing News of it — O if it be so, how would he resent my unjust Suspicions — Suspicions, which I gave him my Promise to banish for ever from my Breast! — In these Thoughts she endeavoured to clear up her Brow, and resume her former Chearfulness against he came, that he might discover nothing of the Disorder she had been in.

Accordingly she came down the next Morning to Breakfast, and there was no Notice taken of her past Indisposition. — Towards the Evening, Malvolio return'd; her Grandmother was above Stairs, and she was alone in the Parlour when he came. After his Servant had brought his Slippers, and drawn off his Boots, Well, said she, affecting to smile, may I now hope you have done with your Visits to Flavilla. No, replied he, with a Countenance in which all the Marks of Guilt were visibly painted. — This made her
Heart

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Heart ake; but fearing to offend him by Mistake, if you would not be angry, return'd she, I would tell you I heard you were married. And did you believe it, demanded he? No, sigh'd she out. — You might, said he, for it is true. — True! cried she, What! that you are married! — but, continued she, you love to fright me — I know you are married to me. — To Flavilla, I am married, replied he sullenly, and your Intelligence deceived you not. — Then you are the worst of Monsters! returned she; but sure it cannot be, and all this is but to try how I could bear it. No, said he, it is too certain that I am now the Husband of Flavilla. — The Necessity of my Affairs, my Grandmother's Injunctions, and the pressing Instances of my Lord * * * *, all concurred to hurry me to an Action, for which I hate myself almost as much as I do her who is now my Wife.

The Horror, the Astonishment *Dalinda* was now in, at hearing her Rumour was confirmed, and hearing it also from himself, seem'd to congeal her Fears,

her Blood, and very Breath at the same time — she neither wept nor moved, nor had Power to utter one Syllable, but stood motionless, as if transfix'd with Thunder, and dead to all Sensation.

He knew, he saw her Distress, and must have been as inexorable as Marble, not to have pitied the Woes himself had caused. — *Think of this Marriage*, said he, *as one of the things Necessity enforces, and as such forgive. You are my only Wife, though another must bear the Name; but be comforted, her Constitution, as I told you before, is so weak and unhealthy, that she cannot live a Year, can never have a Child, or if she should, it must immediately die.*

—— *You and I may yet live happily together in the Face of the World.*——

With these last Words, offering to take her by the Hand, she seem'd to awake from that Stupidity of Grief she had been in, and putting him back with Disdain, *Pollute me not with thy detested Touch*, cried she, *thou most audacious, most impious of all that ever had the Name of Villain* — *but think not I am now the easy suffering*

suffering Fool I have been ——— I'll find means to shake your Nuptial Bed about your Ears, and make my Rival repent her daring to invade my Rights ——— as for you, if that unhappy Woman will assist in my Revenge, and not confess herself an Adultrous, you must expect that Punishment the Law inflicts on Bigamy. ——— as an earnest of what I shall do for you, I'll this instant acquaint my Grandmother. ——— With what? said he, forcibly stopping her from going out of the Room. With every thing, replied she, struggling to get free. You shall first hear me, returned he, and after that, you may act as you please. In speaking this, he took her in his Arms, set her in a Chair, and standing over her, with his two Hands upon her Shoulders, continued, consider what the Consequences of your Discovery will be — that it is not in your power to prove your Marriage, which you may depend on I shall deny ——— you will then be look'd upon only as my Mistress, and as a poor desperate Woman, who, because she could not get her ends, would say and swear any thing for Revenge.

venge. — *Whereas, on the other hand, if you prudently conceal the whole Affair, you will preserve the same Respect you ever had from all your Friends and Acquaintance — I will give you whatever shall descend to me at my Grandmother's Decease, and in the mean time, an Annuity of an Hundred Pounds a Year. — I scorn your Offer as much as I do you,* replied she; *and as you have disposed of yourself, you may also of your Money —* she could not here forbear bursting into Tears, but he appeared as little moved with her Grief, as he had been at her Indignation — *with my Grandmother's Estate, said he, which I once more assure you shall be yours, you may either marry, or live single; but I hope, continued he, that when I am so happy as to bury this Woman, you will forgive the Injury I have been enforced to do you, and permit me to own you for my Wife — you are so indeed; but as things are, I neither can nor will own you.*

What now could this poor Creature do? She was but too sensible of the Truths

he told her, and easily foresaw she could have no Redress; yet unwilling to let him know she had receded from her Resolution entirely, *I cannot*, said she, *be more wretched than I am, and it may be some Consolation to me to see you ruined also.*

Well, replied he, *you are at your liberty, I cannot restrain your Tongue ; and wish I had the power to do it more for your own sake than mine. — Heaven will revenge my Cause though I am silent*, cried she, and went out of the Room with her Face covered with Tears.

Thus ended for a time all kind of Communication between them ; he had come but to finish the Affair he had now so happily for his own ease extricated himself from, and to acquaint his Grandmother, that he was now a joyful Bridegroom ; for in spite of all he had pretended to *Dalinda*, *Flavilla* had Charms for him exclusive of her Fortune. He staid but one Night, and *Dalinda* industriously avoiding him, and he far from seeking an Opportunity of being alone with her, no Conversation passed between them,
but

but such as was common between Relations.

Malvolio now thought himself happy, and the Grandmother overjoyed that a Match she so much desired was accomplished — she very well knew the Passion *Dalinda* had for him, and was not quite certain in her own mind, that he did not return it in spite of the repeated Affeверations he had always made to the contrary, whenever she mentioned it to him: The Agonies *Dalinda* was frequently in, and which she had observed always abated, if not entirely ceased on his appearing and talking to her, gave her some very unquiet Moments, lest these Preparations should one time or other terminate in a Marriage, which she looked upon as directly opposite to the Interests of both; now all these Apprehensions being as she thought so happily removed, and her Grandson married so much to his Advantage, she had nothing now to wish but to see her Granddaughter as well disposed on, which she did not much doubt, as the young Lady was

— 2 —

greatly

greatly esteem'd, and had already had many good Offers ; and though she had rejected them, flattered herself, that now being past all Hopes of *Malvolio*, she would listen to the Addresses of some other with a more favourable Ear.

Poor *Dalinda* was alone disconsolate, oppress'd with Grief, while all her Family were rejoicing, and the more so, as she had no Confident, no Friend to whom she could with safety communicate her wretched Situation. ——— The Woods and Groves by Day, and the close drawn Curtains by Night, were all the Witnesses of her Complaints. ——— This she look'd upon as a very great Misfortune, and indeed it always appears so to Persons labouring under any secret Distress ; but I know not whether it is essentially so, since those who have no body to trust, are certain of having no body to betray them, which in this talkative and faithless Age, is for the most part the Case ; and though we may find a present Ease in pouring out our Discontents in the Bosom of some trusty Friend, as we then imagine,

imagine, too often find our Woes redoubled, by hearing them repeated by those from whom, perhaps, we would most carefully have concealed them — so difficult is it to find a real and discreet Friend, in Times where Sincerity is a Virtue out of Fashion, and Ridicule accounted the best Proof of Wit! — the Country, indeed, less tainted with Deceit, and less versed in the modish Follies of this great, vain, and ill-natur'd Town, might possibly have afforded some one with whom she might safely have shared her Sorrows; but she had so early devoted herself to *Malvolio*, that wholly taken up with him, from the time she even knew what the Word Friendship meant, that she had no Will nor Leisure to look out elsewhere — to him she had always been accustomed to communicate every little Accident that befell her — to him she imparted every Emotion that arose in her young Heart — he was her sole Pleasure — her All, and regarding none besides, had never been at the Pains of examining whether any other
of

of her Acquaintance was worthy of her Confidence. — With him she had traversed successively all the tender Walks of Life — he had been her Kinsman, Friend, Lover, Husband, and never dreaming she should have need of any other Partner in her Heart, nor wish'd, nor sought for other.

Malvolio remained with his Mother-in-Law for several Months after his Marriage, during which time he came but seldom to his Grandmother's, and never staid more than one Night, to the great Satisfaction of *Dalinda*, who now saw him with more Pain, if possible, than ever she had done with Pleasure — they mutually avoided each other, and never had a single Word in private, since that in which he had confessed his Marriage — but she had now a severe Trial to go through, which demanded a greater exertion of Courage and Resolution, than it had yet been in her power to shew. It was this:

Malvolio told his Grandmother, that the Mother of *Flavilla*, expected she would
have

have paid her Compliments on the Nuptials, and as her Age rendered it inconvenient to make Visits at so great a distance, yet it was thought she would have sent his Cousin *Dalinda*, who, both his Wife and Mother knew very well had often gone in her stead, where the Decency of Ceremony made it necessary. — The old Lady promised she would send her, and excused herself for not having done it before; being only hindered by Reasons, *which*, said she, *you may easily guess at*. — He smiled, and answered, that *he hoped those Reasons were now over*; but entreated that nothing might prevent her coming, *because it will otherwise*, said he, *be looked upon as a Slight, and may occasion a Breach between the Families*. — She gave him her word nothing of that should happen; for she would send her Granddaughter in a very few Days, and accordingly resolved to do so.

But when, after he was gone, she informed *Dalinda* of the Errand on which she must prepare to go, all the past Shocks she had sustained returned upon her —

to make a Visit in Form to a Man who had so much abused her, to congratulate him on the Nuptials that had undone her ——— to compliment and caress the Rival who had supplanted her in the most ardent Wishes of her Soul, who usurped her Place in the Arms of the Man she had loved with such Excess of Fondness, to see their mutual Endearments, and to be compelled to behave with the Cheerfulness of a Kinswoman pleased with their Happiness; all this, I say, seem'd so cruel a Stroke of Fortune, that her Spirits well nigh sunk under it ——— she made a thousand Excuses to her Grandmother to avoid this Visit, but none of them being thought sufficient, she plainly told her, that nothing could be more irksome to her, and begged she would not command her to do any thing so repugnant to her Nature. On which the Grandmother, in a great Passion said, *What! you want to proclaim yourself a Fool, and tell all the World you are angry that your Cousin did not marry you.* These sharp Words piqued Dalinda to the Soul, and she replied, *Nay, Madam,*

Madam, if it be so — I'll go, in spite of the Aversion I have for this Visit, or the little Necessity I think there is for it. I am the best judge of that, resumed the old Lady with some Fierceness; *your Province is Obedience.*

Dalinda, finding her obstinate, and that there was no Remedy, retired to her Chamber, and gave a loose to Tears, the only Relief that Fate allowed her throughout these Scenes of Misfortunes, Disappointments, and Vexations. — When she had a little recovered herself, she gave Orders to her Maid to prepare things in the best manner she could for her Journey; resolving, since she must go, to go in a Fashion which should not make her appear inferior to her Rival. — That Vanity, so inherent to human Nature, being scarce ever wholly extinguished in us, even by the most mortifying Events.

It was so long since this old Lady had known the Force of Love, if ever she had, that she utterly had now forgot it, and consequently had little Pity for the Woes that Passion inflicts upon its Votaries; she
would

would else doubtless have spared a Grand-daughter, whom she had a very great Affection for, a Task so severe and so difficult to be perform'd; but though she was very sensible of her Weakness in regard to *Malvolio*, yet she had always look'd upon a Weakness of that kind as easy to be surmounted, and therefore more condemned than pitied, whatever she had Reason to believe that poor Creature suffered by it: and was also the more angry with her for having indulged any Sentiments of that kind, as she had always endeavour'd to inculcate this Precept in her, *that Interest was the first thing to be consulted in Marriage.*

To make her, however, a little better satisfied with this Journey, she sent to the next Market-Town, and made her a Present of a very rich Side-Saddle for the little Pad on which she always rode; and all things being ready, she set out attended by one Servant. The whole time of her being on the Road, she was endeavouring to arm her Mind, so as to behave in a manner which should give no Cause

Cause of Suspicion to the Bride nor her Mother, or any way expose herself; and it must be owned she had enough to do: it required a much greater Fortitude, or at least more Skill in Dissimulation than she was endued with, to appear wholly disinterested in an Affair, more of Consequence to her than her very Life.— As she drew near the fatal House, her Heart failed her ——— she was ready to fall off her Horse, and was obliged to stop, and have recourse to some *Sal Volatile* she had in her Pocket for Relief ——— at length she got thither, and had the Mortification to be lifted from her Horse by her Cousin, *Husband* now no more; he received her with a cold Civility, but she spoke not to him; and when he led her in, and introduced her to his Wife, whom she found, though not so beautiful, was far from being the disagreeable Creature he had painted her, had much ado to support her; she made, however, her Grandmother's Compliments, and in her Name wish'd her Joy, but said nothing as from herself. ———

when

when presented to the old Lady, she behaved something better, but could not keep her Spirits up the whole time she was there ——— to conceal the Cause as well as possible, she sometimes pretended a Pain in her Head, sometimes that she had got the Tooth-Ach, and always found one Pretence or other for going to Bed very early, that she might be eased of the Sight of Persons, every one of whom had contributed to make her miserable — she would not be prevail'd upon by all their Entreaties to stay any longer than five Days.

Common Complaisance obliged her Cousin to see her some part of the Way home, a Ceremony she would gladly have excused him ; he went with her about five or six Miles, talk'd to her only on ordinary things, which she yet scarce vouchsafed to answer, and the first thing that pleased her, was his taking his leave.

The Constraint she had put upon herself during this Visit, joined with the Reflections on what she had seen there, made her very much indisposed at her return

—— she fell into a deep Melancholly, which made her Grandmother fear would bring on a Consumption, and engaged her to use her utmost Efforts for alleviating those Discontents, which she well knew the Cause of —— she was continually making some little Present or other to her, gave more frequent Invitations than she had been accustom'd to the neighbouring Gentry, on purpose that a variety of Company might divert her from those gloomy Thoughts, which soon began to discover themselves plainly in her Countenance and Deportment; but all this had little Effect on her; she only sigh'd when she saw others gay, and looking on herself as a Wretch abandoned to Despair, and utterly deprived of all the Joys of Life, rather envied than partook of the Pleasures of her Companions.

She was in this Dejection of Spirits when *Leander*, a Gentleman mentioned in the beginning of this History, as an Admirer of *Dalinda*, having been for several Months in *London*, return'd to his usual Residence in the Country —— the first Visit

The Double Marriage. 99

Visit he made was to the Grandmother of *Dalinda*, or rather to herself; Respect only influencing him on the score of the one, and a much warmer and more tender Propensity on that of the other.

He had, indeed, loved this Lady from her very Childhood — he had always thought her infant Years gave a Promise of being in Maturity, every thing he could wish for in the Woman who should be the Partner of his Heart and Bed — he had beheld with Pleasure all her little Infant Sports, and sometimes assisted in them — he had admired the Progress she made in learning every thing was taught her — he had every day more and more admired the growing Beauties of her Mind and Person, and for a long Series of Years had devoted himself to her — in fine as the Poet says

*He watch'd the early Glories of her Eyes
As Men for Day-break watch the Eastern
Skies.*

Soon as he saw her arrived at what he thought a proper Age to receive such

a Declaration, he made her an Offer of his Heart; but she rejected it with Blushes, which seemed rather the Effect of Indignation than Virgin Coyness, and a Behaviour, which, though he was very far from Vanity, he might justly think neither his Person nor Circumstances could authorise in her, he being a very agreeable Man, and of a Fortune much beyond what she could have expected, without an Infinity of Love to plead in her Favour——

Love, that partial Passion —— that universal Leveller, which we are told, by one well acquainted with its Power,

Which always finds equality, or makes it.

His Passion, which had been strengthened and cherished by the most reasonable Hope, felt the Mortification of this Disappointment more severely. —— He reflected on all had past in the long Acquaintance they had together, and could find nothing that should make him think, there could be any Motive for rejecting as a *Lover*, a Person she had so much valued

valued as a *Friend*, unless it were a prepossession in favour of some other. —

He knew there were several who had made their Addresses at the same time he did, and knew also they had met with the same Repulse — who then could this unknown Rival be? — the Mystery perplexed him — he continued his Visits as formerly, saw many Gentlemen there at different times; but saw nothing in the Behaviour of *Dalinda*, which could point out any one of them for his successful Rival — he found she made no other Difference between them, than what their Rank in the World demanded, and nothing that betray'd the least liking, or particular Attachment to any one — he made his Sister the Confidant of the whole History of his Passion. —

This young Lady was frequently with *Dalinda*, lay in the same Bed with her, whenever she came to the House; and by the means of their Intimacy, he flattered himself with discovering something for the Satisfaction of his Curiosity, though not of his Love; but though his fair Agent

wanted neither Penetration to pry into, nor Artifice to sound the Inclinations of any one whose Secrets she was desirous of knowing, and exerted all her Skill in accomplishing the Task enjoyn'd by her Brother, yet was the natural Reserve of *Dalinda* proof against all her Efforts, and *Leander* remained for a long time in an Uncertainty, which could not but very much add to the Chagrin it gave him, to have been refused by the only Woman he ever loved, and, as the Sequel will prove, ever could love.

But what he had so long, and with so much assiduity laboured for in vain, Chance at last presented to him, *for what*, as I have somewhere read

Can always 'scape a jealous Lover's Eye:

He was one Day reclined in a close Arbour, indulging his melancholly Thoughts, when he heard the tread of Feet in a back Walk just behind him; he turn'd, and finding those who walked were discouraging in a low Voice, he put his Ear
to

to the Lattice-Supporter of that leafy Bower, and distinctly heard the Voices of *Malvolio* and *Dalinda*: He was gently chiding her for refusing to go somewhere, where she had been invited; telling her, she passed but a melancholly time at home with their old Grandmother, and he would have her take all Opportunities of diverting herself — *Alas!* answered she, *how little do you know my Heart, to imagine it can feel any Pleasure where you do not partake — if you would wish me to have gone, you should have complied with the Invitation, and accompanied me. — I hate Dancing,* said he, *besides, we must both have been under a most cruel Constraint. That's true,* crying she sighing. *Leander* could hear no more, they were now past farther on; but willing to make his Eyes as well as Ears Witnesses of this Discovery, he ventured to thrust his Head through the Boughs, and saw the amorous Pair were lock'd in the most close Embrace, in which they continued some Minutes, and then parted;

he walk'd gravely on, and she ran back toward the House.

Let any one who has ever experienced the tender Passion, be judge what *Leander* felt in the first Alarm of this Discovery ——— he now was convinced, that that Heart he had so much wished to gain, was not only devoted to another, but devoted also to an Excess of Fondness ——— though he had heard, though he had seen the mutual Ardours of these seemingly happy Lovers, he could not presently bring himself to believe the coy, the reserved *Dalinda* could throw her Arms about the Neck of a Man, kiss, and clasp him with such a wanton Fervour, and could scarce believe himself awake, or that this was any thing more than a Dream. ——— He had always thought there was a very great Friendship between these two Cousins, but had never imagined it went farther than the Nearness of Blood might authorise, and never suspected more between them than such Love as might be paid by Persons who sprung from the same Parents. ——— Had he followed the
first

first Emotions of a disappointed, jealous, despairing Passion, he had doubtless gone that instant and acquainted the Grandmother, with the true Motive of *Dalinda's* Coldness to him, and every other Man who had seen her with the same Eyes he did; and thereby have thrown a dreadful Impediment to an Affection so prejudicial to his Peace ——— but this was but the Resolution of a Moment ——— he was too just to condemn *Malvolio* for feeling the same Desires he did himself; and too generous to wish Revenge, much less could he think of rendring *Dalinda* unhappy ——— he found she loved her Cousin, doubted not but her Passion was returned with an equal Warmth and Sincerity ——— *It would be the utmost Baseness in me, said he, to attempt any Separation between Persons whose Hearts are so tenderly united. ——— No, let the amiable Dalinda be ever happy — ever blest; Malvolio must be so, since loved by her ——— let me alone sustain the Misery of a hopeless Flame, and singly be wretched.*

Pursuant to these truly noble Sentiments, he calm'd his Brow, and dissembled his Discontents during the time he staid, which was but two Days after ——— that was indeed, as long as he was able to support the killing Agonies he felt at sight of these Lovers, in whose Eyes he now thought he read the mutual Wishes they were inflamed with, and wondered at himself, for not having discovered it without the help of so plain a Conviction, as that he had received. ——— He had that command over himself, however, as not to give the least Hint even to *Dalinda*, of what passed in his tormented Bosom, till saluting her on taking his leave, *farwell, too charming Creature ——— I doubt not but I shall hear of your Marriage before I see you again ——— but may you be happy whatever becomes of me.* These Words, which were accompanied with a Sigh with seem'd to cleave his Heart, made *Dalinda* blush extremely, but she spoke not a Word ——— neither did it afterwards sink into her Mind, *that being*, as has been before sufficiently proved, too

too much taken up with *Malvolio* to leave room for any other Impression of what fort soever.

The disconsolate *Leander* in the mean time endeavoured to amuse his Anguish, by such Sports as the Country afforded — he went every Day in Company with other Gentlemen, to take the Diversions of Hunting, Hawking, Shooting, and seldom went to Bed without taking a hearty Glas; but these being ineffectual, he sought Relief in the more tumultuous Pleasures of the Town: He went to *London*, whence he returned not for a long time, nor should then, had not the necessity of his Affairs demanded his Presence, on account of a Law-Affair, which was to be determined at the Assizes held in their County.

The first News he heard on his Arrival, was the Marriage of *Malvolio* with *Flavilla*, — Nothing could have thrown him into a greater Consternation, yet it was a pleasing one — the enchanting Image of *Dalinda*, now returned with all those Graces his enamoured Fancy had
F. 6 adorned

adorned it with, in all her Bloom of Youth and Innocence ; — nor did the Knowledge that she had loved another, take from her any of those Charms, which so long since had thrown about his Heart Fetters indissoluble and everlasting. — He could not conceive by what strange Accident such mutual Love, as theirs had seemed to be, had been rendered fruitless ; or how *Malvolio* could ever bring himself to think of any other Woman, after having been so tenderly regarded by *Dalinda*.

He flattered himself, however, that whatever had happened to break off the Match, this would be a proper time for him to renew his Addresses ; and accordingly went to pay his Compliments to the old Lady, after having been so long absent, and to try in what manner the young one would receive him on this Change in her Situation.

He found himself treated by both with the same Civility and Respect as ever, but he easily perceived in the Countenance of *Dalinda* a certain Melancholly, which

which it was not in her Power to conceal, and which, as he guessed some part of the Occasion, gave him a great deal of Disquiet. — He was troubled for what he saw she suffer'd, and troubled that the present Situation of her Mind, seem'd to render it an unfit Season for any Discourses of the kind, he had propos'd to himself at coming thither to have entertain'd her with.

He contented himself, therefore, with behaving towards her with the most tender Complaisance, and avoided even mentioning the Name of Love at this first Visit, which he made the shorter, as the Constraint he put himself under in forbearing any Declaration of his Passion was very painful to be borne.

He had not, however, the power of remaining long absent — the Violence of his Flame, and Impatience to see how she would receive it, brought him again in less than a Fortnight; but had the Mortification to be disappointed of seeing her — she had that very Morning set out to visit her Sister, who was married in a neigh-

neighbouring County, with whom she resolved to stay some Months, in order to avoid the sight of *Malvolio* and his Wife, who had sent word to their Grandmother, that they intended to wait on her, and pass some time with her.

This Stroke of ill Fortune was very sensibly felt by the faithful *Leander*: — He now repented, that his Timidity and Excess of Respect had lost an Opportunity, which he must endure a long Series of Languishments before he could recover. — He trembled also (as Love, when pure and sincere, is never unaccompanied with Apprehensions) that *Dalinda* might, at the House of this Lady make some new Conquest, whose Addresses might supercede those he intended to offer, and he should have a second Rival more formidable, and more destructive to his Hopes than the first had been. — There was, however, no Remedy but Patience — he was wholly unacquainted, either with the Sister of *Dalinda*, or the Gentleman to whom she was married, and to have waited on the young Lady while

a Visitor at their House, he thought would look too particular, and give Offence, where the utmost Ambition of his Soul was to please — he had once some thoughts of writing to her, but her extreme Delicacy in these Points, forbidding him to hope any Answer, deterred him from taking that Method of acquainting her, that though the Passion he had for her had lain dormant for a long time, it was far from being extinguished in him — he declared himself, however, much in this manner to the old Lady, who appeared far from inclinable to discourage his Pretensions; and the Belief he should find a powerful Advocate in her, was all he had to console himself with during an Absence of near four Months.

At length she came back, and this impatient Lover no sooner heard she was so, than he went to her Grandmother's Seat. — On the second Day, having the Opportunity of being alone with her, he revealed to her in the most tender terms the Condition of his Heart, and accompanied

panied his Professions of an immutable and everlasting Love with the most solemn Imprecations. She seemed greatly uneasy, and perplexed the whole time he was speaking, and had frequently interrupted him, by desiring he would forbear to entertain her on a Subject, which of all other was the most displeasing; but finding that he would still go on, and was beginning to expatiate on the Happiness of a married State, where there was any degree of mutual Affection ——— *it may possibly be so*, replied she, with the most forbidding Air, *but I am determin'd never to make the Experiment, and live always as I am.* ——— *Whoever, therefore, thinks me worthy of regard, or desires to be esteem'd by me, must never talk to me on this Subject.* ——— He obeyed her not in this, however, but was preparing some new Arguments to convince her of the Justice of what he said, when she rose up, and told him, she was sorry he obliged her to the ill Manners of leaving him. ——— To which, he replied, that he was the most unfortunate of all Men to have offended

fended her, — that he had flattered himself their long Acquaintance, and the particular Attachment he had always shewn to her, might have kindled in her Heart so much good Will towards him, at least, as to pity instead of triumphing in the Pains a hopeless Passion must inflict on him.

I am far, said she, from triumphing in the Misfortunes of any one, much less of a Person whom I have always valued as a Friend; but as for those Misfortunes which proceed from Love in your Sex, I never can believe them of a Nature which have any Title to Commiseration. — That, answered Leander with a Sigh, and looking intently on her, *is according to what degree of Honour and Sincerity the Man who affects to feel them is possesst of — I know there are Men who can pretend to love, and to despair, yet make a Jest of the Pity they implore — there are Men who feign a Passion, meerly for their own Amusement, and because they have nothing else to do — others, for a worse Purpose, to betray, and afterwards expose the*
Woman

Woman they have pretended to adore— yet Madam, continued he, it is not consistent with that just way of thinking I have always observ'd in you to condemn the whole Sex, because you may have heard of some among them who have been Monsters of Perfidy and Ingratitude. — That were to cast away and reject a whole Field of Corn, because a few Tares may happen to grow up among the purer Product.

I am afraid, said she, with a half Smile, that the latter will be found much the more numerous of the two among Mankind. — But in my Opinion, your Simile does not hold good in this Point; the careful Thresher can easily distinguish the Tare from the Wheat; but no Human Skill can see into the Heart, and discover whether its Sentiments be base or noble.

Not immediately I grant, replied he, but Time in that case is a Touch-stone which never fails. — My Perseverance therefore — O let us have no more of it, interrupted she, and if you desire the Continuation of any Friendship between us, drop all Arguments

guments on this Head — I have already told you my Resolution.

He sigh'd, he bow'd, and obey'd her for the present ; but the very next Day, became again a Rebel to the Laws this fair Tyrant had enjoin'd ; neither then, however, nor the whole time he staid, which was near three Weeks, could he obtain any more from her, than that she should always esteem him as a Friend, never as a Lover ; and would persist in her Resolution of living a single Life ; and he departed little satisfied with his Success.

Hope, however, that constant Attendant on an amorous Flame, still remonstrated to him, that it was owing to some ill Treatment from her first Lover, that had made her so fearful of encouraging a second, and that when once she had a little wore off the Memory of *Malvolio*, she might be brought to listen with less Reluctance to his Vows — by this pleasing Idea fortified, he made another Visit in a short time, but this produced little more than the former ; she still remained inexorably firm in the Resolution
of

of not changing her Condition, till he was just going to take leave, when his Complaints, touching her Heart more than ever they had done before, she vouchsafed to say, she really believ'd he was among the number of those who might be called truly honest Men, and if she could ever be brought to a different way of thinking than what she was at present, she believed she could not alter more to her Advantage than in his Favour ; but at the same time beg'd he would infer nothing from her testifying this good Opinion of him, as an Encouragement of his Pretensions.

He went away not totally despairing, yet far from promising himself he should ever be able to inspire her with the Sentiments he wished ; but his Passion for her was of that refined Nature, that it seemed a greater Happiness to address her in vain, than to have the highest Reward of Love with any other Woman.

Dalinda herself, in the mean time, suffered little less thro' the Courtship of this worthy Lover, than he did in finding that Court-

Courtship hitherto so ineffectual. The Contrast between him and *Malvolio* shewed her how miserable she had made herself, by giving so partial a Preference to the other — she reflected, how happy she might have been with *Leander*, and the Impossibility there now seemed of ever being so, gave her the most dreadful Shock. — She was married to *Malvolio*, had been enjoyed by him, and though his second Vows had in a manner released her from those Engagements, yet she could not think of rewarding the faithful constant Passion of *Leander* with the Leavings of his unworthy Rival — besides, as she had too much Honour to deceive him, she had too much Pride and Modesty to reveal the fatal Secret to him, even though she had been certain it would not have lessened his Esteem of her ; a thing she sincerely wish'd to preserve, though she could have been glad it had not been grown up to Love — she saw herself condemned to languish out the whole Remainder of her Days in a State far worse than Widowhood, that of an abandon'd Wife,

Wife, yet deprived of the Power of owning herself such, and the Pity of the World. — Saw the most worthy of his Sex dying with Despair, through her supposed Unkindness, yet must neither relieve his Anguish, nor justify her Refusal of him. — Severe indeed was her Fate, and such as she imagined could present her with no additional Affliction; yet did she soon after find her malignant Stars had not yet showered down their whole Stock of Venom at her devoted Head, she still had Tryals to pass through, of which she yet had not conceived the least Idea.

But to make the Reader sensible of the Means by which the future Mischiefs that attended her were brought about, it is necessary we leave her for a while, and see in what manner *Malvolio* and *Flavilla* conducted themselves to each other.

During the whole Time of his Courtship to that Lady, he had never been able to inspire her with any tender Sentiments for him, though he made Use of all the Artifice in his Power for that Purpose, tho' he pretended to *Dalinda*, that he rather aimed

at the Reverse : On the contrary, she found nothing in him, which made her think she should ever love him with that Tenderness might be expected from her after she should become a Wife. — This, she often took the Liberty to represent to her Mother; but she being very much for the Match, through the Persuasions of Lord * * * * would listen to nothing said in Opposition to it. — Not long before her Marriage, some flying Reports reached her Ears, concerning a great Intimacy which had been observed between her intended Bridegroom and his Cousin *Dalinda*; with this she also acquainted her Mother, and entreated her even with Tears to make an Inquiry into that Matter; remonstrating to her, how wretched she should be, if disposed of to a Man who loved another, and married her merely for the Sake of her Estate; but this had no more Effect than all she had urged on the Score of her own Want of Affection for him, — Obedience at length prevailing, she consented, and was married to him. — As for *Malvolio*,
he

he really liked her, and loved her as well as he then thought was in his Power to love any Woman; and certain it is, that had he met a reciprocal Return from her, he would have made a tolerable Husband; but *Flavilla*, to her great Misfortune, was not of a Temper to engage the Continuance of any Man's Affection, — She had now in her softest Moments a Capriciousness, which required a good deal of Skill and Pains to humour. — She had also a natural Haughtiness, which would not suffer her to think herself obliged for any Condescensions made to her, was very affected, and had so much Spleen in her Composition, as to take a gloomy Satisfaction in occasioning the Disquiets of others. — To heighten these untoward Properties, she soon grew extremely jealous of her Husband, — every Visit he made his Grandmother, she imagined was for the Sake of *Dalinda*, and the Behaviour of that unfortunate young Lady in the enforced Visit she made at their House, as has been already related, confirming her Suspicions, she grew the most sullen and discontented

tented in the World. — No Civilities on the Side of *Malvolio*, could engage the least Complaisance from her, — in private she treated him with Churlishness, and in publick with an ill Manners, which came very near Contempt, — never suffering him to help her at Table, — never drinking to him, nor taking any notice, even with a Bow, when he did so to her, — never letting him hand her in, or out of the Coach, but telling the Footman to do that Office for her, — seldom vouchsafing to answer any thing he said to her, or if she did, it was sure to be in Contradiction. — In a Word, she carried herself to him in all Respects in such a Manner, as shewed she took a Pride in using him ill.

Such a Conduct in a Wife might have sowed a much sweeter Disposition than that of *Molvelio*: being willing however, to keep with the Family, he supported it much longer than otherwise he would have done; but finding her ill Humour every Day encrease, no Considerations were able to restrain him, — he at length exerted the

Authority of a Husband, made her see that he could also be rude in his Turn.

—— This she could not brook, though the first Aggressor, — they never spoke to each other but to quarrel, and the eternal Disagreement between them affected all about them, and rendered their House a perfect *Babel* of Confusion.

But these Disquiets in the Family, were not the worst Punishment *Malvolio* received for his Perfidy: he had others of a less publick Nature, which inflicted Torments on him infinitely more poignant, more insupportable, — the Affection he had for *Flavilla* diminishing as she discovered her ill Nature, long before he ceased to treat her with a Shew of it, made him see more plainly than ever he had done before the Amiability of *Dalinda*. — On comparing in his Mind the Persons and Tempers of these two Women, he found so many Defects in the one, and so many Graces in the other, that he could not forbear cursing himself; the Motives that had induced him, and those Counsels which had prevailed upon him to abandon a Jewel,
which

which he looked upon as inestimable, for a few dirty Acres, which abounded with so many Thorns to sting him to the Soul.

With how much Softness, cried he to himself, *would that tender Creature sooth all my Cares, — charm me into good Humour by her fond Endearments when I was perverse! — with how sincere a Transport did she receive my Caresses, — how studious was she to oblige — how fearful to offend me, — what kind Anxiety for my Welfare in every little Absence did she feel, and what Raptures on seeing me return! — How different from all this is the Wretch, I now call Wife, — how dull, how stupid, how insensible of every Pleasure, but that of giving Pain! — How arrogant, — how impetuous, — how vain, without the least Pretence for being so, — a Frame scarce tollerable, and a Mind harsh and incapable of any soft Impression, — a Woman only in her Follies, a Prude in her Behaviour. —* Then would he stamp and cry, *O cursed Avarice to what has it betrayed me!*

With these Reflections was he perpetually tormented, ——— *Flavilla* grew every Day more disagreeable in his Eyes, and at last quite hateful; while the Idea of *Dalinda* rose with ten thousand Charms, Charms which till now he never had discovered in her, or if he had, thought not on with any Degree of Admiration. ——— He had liked her, but he now loved her to an Excess equal to that she once had felt for him, and been the Source of all her Misfortunes. ——— How happy would he now have thought himself to have passed his whole Life with her, tho' in the meanest Station, and how truly miserable was he in being yoked to *Flavilla*, with an Opulence of Fortune! ——— A thousand Stratagems run through his distracted Brain to return to the one, and be separated from the other. ——— Could he weary out *Flavilla* by ill Usage and continual Contraction of every Thing she wished to have done, how could he be sure *Dalinda* would forgive the Injury he had done her! ——— Whatever he might flatter himself with, from that Love he had

had so much experienced, he had Reason to fear her Virtue would oppose his Wishes. — Yet, said he, to himself, if I once get rid of this Woman, it is in my Power to force her to be mine. — She is my first, my lawful Wife, and I may compel her to live with me. — But the greatest Difficulty he found was, the procuring a Separation between him and *Flavilla*, especially as she had now a Son by him. — The Confusion which the bare mention of such a Thing would occasion, alarmed him. — He saw besides no Means of doing it effectually, without bringing eternal Ruin on himself, and all who should be engaged or any way interested in the Attempt.

In the midst of these Perplexities, he was informed that *Leander* had renewed his Addresses to *Dalinda*; that he visited her frequently, staid several Days whenever he went, and that every Body thought it would be a Match. This was a Piece of Intelligence, that drove him into a Condition little different from Distraction, — it seemed to him too probable not to be believed, and was too shocking to his Wishes

not to make him use his utmost Efforts for preventing it.

His Hopes, indeed, of ever living with *Dalinda* more, were very faint; yet he could not resolve to part with those Hopes, languid as they were; they sometimes afforded him a transporting Moment, which enabled him to support the Racks of Thought with which he was almost continually rent. ——— *To re-enjoy her would be Heaven*, said he; *to know she is enjoyed by another wou'd be Hell*. — *No, if I am denied the one, Leander shall not plunge me in the other*. ——— *I will disappoint these Nuptials, or I'll die; Life after them would be a Curse beyond the Grave*.

In this Resolution, he immediately ordered his Horses to be got ready, and without taking any leave of his Wife, or telling any of the Family when he should come back, went directly to his Grand-mother's. — During his Journey, he meditated in what Fashion he should behave to *Dalinda*, so as to gain his Point, ——— much he depended on the Love she once had for him, and which he could not think

was yet wholly extinguished in her ; to that therefore, he thought it best to have recourse at first ; but failing by that Method, then to fright her with threatening to destroy both *Leander* and himself.

The Confusion of his Mind was so great, that on his Arrival, he could scarce pay those Civilities to the old Lady, which his Duty, Interest, and the Affection she had for him, demanded.——After having answered in a brief Manner, some Questions she asked concerning his Wife and little Son, he told her he heard his Cousin *Dalinda* was going to be married to *Leander*.

—— *He courts her*, replied she, *and has my Permission to do so, for I think, she cannot dispose of herself better ; but she does not seem inclinable to listen to his Suit,——I know not what Reason she has for it, now she has no farther any Hopes of you.*

These Words greatly calmed the late Emotions of *Malvolio's* Mind. —— He presently flattered himself, that Remains of Love for him were the sole Motive of her Coldness to his Rival, and doubted not but he should be so far able to improve

that Love, as to oblige her to discard *Leander* entirely. — But dissembling his Satisfaction, *I am surprized Madam*, said he, *my Cousin should hesitate on a Thing, which every body thinks is so much to her Advantage*, — *Leander has a fine Fortune, a fair Character in the World, and is of a good Family*, — *where is she? I'll talk to her, and endeavour to persuade her to a more reasonable Way of thinking*. — The Grandmother then told him, she thought she saw her go into the Garden just as he came in, but she would order her to be called. *No Madam*, said he, *I will go to her*. *As you please*, replied she; on which he went that Instant.

Dalinda indeed, seeing him alight from her Window, had gone into the Garden, in order that she might recover herself from those Disorders, which the first Shock of his Presence always flung her into. — There were three very fine Gardens, one leading to the other; the last of which, terminated in a little Wilderness extremely thick and shady. — A small Canal was cut through the Middle, on each
Side

Side of which grew a stately Row of Palms, whose intermingling Boughs met, seeming to shake Hands, and formed an Arch over the Water. — A more delightful Scene, nor one more suited either to Love or Contemplation could not be found.

———— It was here *Dalinda* frequently retired to vent her Sorrows; it was here that she now fled to gain that Composure of Mind she wished to appear in, whenever she found herself constrained to mingle in Company with *Malvolio*. — She was

laying on the grassy Turf on the Margin of this Canal, leaning her Head upon her Arm on the Foot of a Tree, when the fatal Undoer of her Peace approached. —

Buried in Thought she saw him not, and tho' the Impatience of discoursing with her would have made him immediately interrupt her Meditations; yet she appeared so lovely, so enchanting in that Posture, that he could not forbear stopping a few Paces short, to gaze upon her. — His Emo-

tions were so violent, that he burst out this Exclamation aloud, — “That Charmer once was mine,” said he,

“ and can I live and see her in the Possession of another, — no, first perish
“ *Leander*, myself, and all the World.”
—— She heard Part of these Words——
She raised her Head, and saw by whom they were uttered.——Surprize and Anger at once took Possession of her Breast.
—— She arose hastily, and was about to quit the Place.” —— “ Stay, cried he, stopping her; “ Dear injured Innocence, “ stay, and yet once more hear the repenting, wretched, lost *Malvolio*” ——
“ What new Trick to impose on my too “ easy Faith,” said she, looking on him with Eyes sparkling with Indignation; or “ do you come to insult the Miseries you “ have occasioned.” —— O neither, answered he, —— “ Think me not so abhorred a Fiend, —— I know I have greatly wronged you, but I know also that “ my Punishment, if possible, exceeds my “ Crime. —— Hear me then, my dear “ *Dalinda*, —— listen to the Story of my “ Woes, if it be only to triumph in the “ past. —— High Heaven takes in your “ Cause,

“ Cause, and the Vengeance inflicted on
“ your Abuses.”

“ You can say nothing,” answered she,
“ that’s fit for me to hear,—— nor can
“ I imagine for what End you persecute
“ me thus.” —— “ You are my Wife,”
said he. “ I was,” replied she, “ till you
“ renounced me, your faithful, loving, and
“ obedient Wife, — but you have given
“ yourself to another, and thereby freed me
“ from all Obligations.” —— “ No, you
“ mistake,” resumed he, “ it is in nei-
“ ther of our Powers to absolve the other
“ of those Vows we made before the Al-
“ tar: nor would my marrying a thou-
“ sand Women make you less my Wife,
“ or me less your lawful Husband. ——
“ Such a Claim I still have over you, and
“ would not quit it to be Master of the
“ Universe. —— Yes, my dear *Dalinda*,
“ in the Eye of Heaven I am only yours,
“ and you are mine,” continued he, taking
her Hand, “ and be assured, I will short-
“ ly assert my Right in the Face of the
“ whole World.” —— “ What is it you
“ mean,” cried she, “ very much asto-

“ nished.” ——— To declare our Marriage,” replied he, “ part with *Flavilla*,
“ and live with my first, my only legal,
“ and ever loved Wife.” — “ Impossible,”
“ said she “ What you have done is irre-
“ trievable, — or if it were not so” —
“ You would not consent,” interrupted
he, fiercely, “ but remember that to refuse
“ is not in your own Option, ——— I can
“ prove our Marriage tho’ you cannot,
“ and then may force you to live with me;
“ but, my Dear,” continued he, softening
his Voice, “ do not drive me to Extremi-
“ ties, ——— I love, and cannot live with-
“ out you, ——— let me therefore owe that
“ to your Tenderness and kind Compli-
“ ance, which the Law, if I have recourse
“ to it, will oblige you to.” “ What
“ would you have me do?” cried she
trembling. “ Be mine, as you have been,”
replied he, “ when in the ardent Raptures
“ of our mutual Endearments you have
“ vowed, and sealed the soft Affirmative
“ with ten thousand Kisses, that you would
“ not change Conditions with an Empress.”
“ Can you remember,” pursued he, tak-
ing

ing her in his Arms, “ those dear, those
“ blisful Moments, and not wish to re-
“ new them ?” “ O never, never ?” said
she, struggling to get loose from his Em-
brace. — “ I think on them with Hor-
“ ror, and of you with all that just Resent-
“ ment Wrongs like mine demand.”

“ You will marry *Leander* then, said
“ he.” — “ I might perhaps, replied she,
“ if my Love for you had not rendered me
“ unworthy of him.” — “ Has then your
“ Duty,” resumed he, “ and the sacred
“ Covenant you entred in with me, no In-
“ fluence over you ?” — Perceiving she
was silent, he made her, though she ex-
prest the greatest Reluctance, sit down on
the Grass, where placing himself by her,
he began to argue, that no Breach of Vows
on his Part could absolve her from those
she had made herself, and that she ought
always to look on herself as his Wife, tho’
he ceased to be a Husband. — He found
no Difficulty of convincing her in a Point
which she was before half perswaded of
in her own Mind ; and sensible, that if
he

he really did as he had said, declared and proved his Marriage, she should be obliged to live with him as a Wife, thought it most prudent, not to exasperate too much a Man in whose Power she was, — “How
“ strange a Transition do I find in your
“ Temper,” said she, “two Years ago
“ nothing was so dreadful to you, as the
“ Discovery of our Marriage. —
“ Swore you would deny it, threatned
“ me with the blackest Odium in case
“ I mention’d it, and would have been
“ glad I had then married any Man, no
“ matter how miserable I must have
“ made myself, if you were totally dis-
“ charged from me — yet now, when
“ I began to forget both all the Plea-
“ sure and the Pain of my fatal Union
“ with you, and you imagine I might
“ have some Thoughts of marrying to
“ my Advantage, now, I say, now to
“ resolve on divulging what you have
“ ever been so desirous of concealing,
“ seems to me, as if my total Ruin were
“ the only Wish you aimed at, and ra-
“ ther

“ther than not accomplish it, you would
“proclaim yourself a Villain, refund *Fla-*
“*villa*’s Fortune, and abandon the inno-
“cent Child she has by you.

“Judge not with so much Cruelty,”
said he, “I would indeed do every thing,
“despise every thing, suffer every thing
“to make you mine again; but it is to
“render you happy, not miserable I would
“do it — I love you, my dearest *Da-*
“*linda*, more than Words can speak,”
continued he, embracing her with the ut-
most Fervour, “more than ever I thought
“it was in my Nature ever to love.
“— the Difference I have found between
“you and the Woman, who I now call
“my Wife, has shewn me more truly
“what you are than ever I knew before
“— I now see the Value of the Jewel
“I was possess’d of, and can never —
“O never prize it less.”

He then gave her a pathetick Descrip-
tion of the ill Humour with which *Fla-*
villa had constantly treated him —
that he only wish’d to her other bad Qua-
lities

lities she would add that of wronging
 his Bed, that he might have an Oppor-
 tunity of suing out a Divorce, but, said
 he, “ as I am afraid her Pride and
 “ all Nature will always prevent my hav-
 “ ing that Plea, I am endeavouring to
 “ weary her into a Desire of Separation.—
 “ If the Proposal comes from herself, she
 “ must be content with a separate Mainte-
 “ nance, and we may enjoy the Bulk of
 “ her Estate. ——— This I am now at-
 “ tempting,” pursued he, “ but if she
 “ proves refractory to my Schemes, and
 “ resolves to bear all the rough Usage I
 “ can inflict rather than part, ——— then
 “ I must throw of all Disguise, avow my
 “ Marriage with you, and turn her Home
 “ to her Mother.”

Dalinda, easily foreseeing the Scene of
 Confusion, in which the putting such a
 Project in Execution must naturally in-
 volve both Families, would fain have per-
 suaded him to give over all Thoughts of
 it ; and since he had been guilty of falsi-
 fying his first Vows, and the Thing was
 past Retrieve, to content himself with the
 Condi-

Condition he had made choice of, and let all had past be buried in an eternal Silence.

——“ Nothing at first, said she,” “ was
“ so shocking to me ; but Time, and sad
“ Necessity, has at length rendered it more
“ easy.” ——“ But now,” interrupted
he, kissing and embracing her again, “ that
“ sad Necessity is ceased, — the Blame,
“ the Disgrace, will be mine alone, who
“ ought to bear it, and the Happiness
“ you once so much desired, be all your
“ own.”

His Arguments, his Persuasions, the true Contrition he seemed to feel for what he had been guilty of, the Excess of Passion he now testified for her, and above all, the Reflection, that in Case he should avow his Claim, she could not refuse his Compliance, silenced all her Reproaches, and abated great Part of her Resentment ; and, he brought her at last to acknowledge, that to be owned his lawful Wife, and to live with him in the Face of the World, would render her as happy as she could wish. ——“ But will you promise to
“ love me as well as ever ?” cried he
pressing

pressing her to his Bosom, " My Virtue
 " and my Duty," answered she, " will
 " then oblige me to endeavour it.—
 " Charming Creature !" returned he, " I
 " I know too well the strict Regard you
 " pay to both, to doubt of being the
 " most blest of Men, unworthy and in-
 " grateful as I have been". — Some
 farther time was past in Demonstrations
 of the utmost Fondness on the part of
 the one, and an entire Forgiveness on that
 of the other.

The mutual Hurry of Spirits they both
 were in, *Malvolio*, through the Joy he
 felt at being once more in the good Graces
 of the Woman he now loved above the
 World, and *Dalinda* through the Astonishment
 at this sudden Transition of her
 Fortune, made neither of them consider,
 how long they had been together, nor that
 it was time to break off Conversation. —
Dalinda was the first that recovered, and
 reminded him of going into the House
 — *My Grandmother knows we are to-
 gether*, answered he, *she thinks I came to
 persuade you to marry Leander, which you
 must*

must tell her I have done, since it is necessary things should rest as they are, till I have prepared for an Eclaircissement — I need not now, my Dear, continued he, *press you to give no Encouragement to that Man's Addresses, as it would be the Ruin of your Reputation to have done so, after our Marriage is declared: But,* added he again, *after a Pause, let your Refusal of him, seem at present, as if occasioned meerly by a Dislike of his Person. To this Dalinda having agreed, he led her towards the House, keeping his Arm about her Wasse, and intermingling Kisses with every Word he spokè, all the time they continued out of danger of being seen from any of the Windows.*

Malvolio returned to the Parlour, where he had left his Grandmother — he told her, he had been all this time labouring to bring his Cousin to a just Sense of the Advantages of such a Match as *Leander*, but that all his Arguments had been wholly ineffectual for that Purpose; that she declared the utmost Detestation of his Person, that if there were no other Man

in the World she would not have him, that every thing he said or did encreased her Aversion, and that she could not, without the utmost Pain to herself, treat him with common Civility ; and a thousand such things, which the Fertility of his Invention furnished him with on this Occasion. — The good old Lady was far from suspecting the Truth of what he said, and only replied coldly, that she was sorry for it — the Girl she thought was born to stand in her own Light — but there was no forcing Inclination ; and for her part, she should concern herself no farther in the Affair.

Dalinda, the Moment she came in went up to her Chamber, in order to ruminate on this Adventure. — There was somewhat in it so amazing to her, that she could scarce believe herself awake ; or that her late Interview with *Malvolio*, and the Discourse they had together, was any more than a Dream — that *Malvolio* should now be possess'd of a Passion for her, which the Bloom of Fifteen, and the most tender and ardent Affection on her part had

not

not been able to inspire him with — that he should be desirous of, and determined to own a Marriage, he so lately trembled, lest any one should have the least Suspicion of — that he should so readily yield to resign that vast Fortune, which too obtain, he had been guilty of one of the worst of Crimes — and to find that she had forgiven all his Injustice had made her suffer, and promise to regard him with the same Kindness as ever. — All this seem'd so strange to her, that it was not without great Difficulty she could disintangle her Thoughts from the Confusion they were involved in.

“ I must then consider myself,” cried she, “ as the Wife of *Malvolio* — nay
“ more, must forget I ever had Cause
“ to look on him as my Undoer —
“ must love him as much as before the
“ Knowledge of his Perfidy — how
“ is this possible? Will not the Thought
“ that he has given to another that Heart,
“ that Hand, which were alone my Due,
“ sometimes break in upon my Peace,
“ and interrupt our soft Endearments?
“ — Can I caress him with that Warmth

“ of pure Affection, as when I vainly
“ flatter’d myself he was wholly and for
“ ever mine?” — This Reflection
threw her into a Flood of Tears; but a
greater Presence of Mind by degrees re-
turning: she grew more chearful, and be-
gan thus. “ Religion,” said she, “ com-
“ mands me to forgive all the World,
“ much more a Husband — if he has
“ highly wronged me, he is highly pe-
“ nitent; and he loves me — now
“ truly loves me — no false Flame,
“ no counterfeit Affection could assume
“ those Ardours, that Extravagance of
“ mingled Pain and Pleasure I have just
“ now observed in him at every Kiss,
“ every Embrace he forced from me —
“ what but the most violent and tender
“ Love, could now induce him to think
“ of a Separation with *Flavilla*, renounce
“ all his gay, and once darling Prospects
“ of Ambition, and be content to enjoy
“ with me an humble moderate For-
“ tune — nay, what must be more
“ galling to a Man of Spirit, submit to
“ bear a thousand Reproaches from the
“ Friends and Kindred on all Sides—
“ these

“ these, these are Proofs of Love, which
“ sure demand the most grateful return
“ from me.”

While she reflected in this manner, a pleasing Sensation ran thro’ all her Veins, and the most rapturous Ideas sported in her deluded Fancy ; but soon these delightful Emotions vanished, and gave Place to others of a contrary Nature. — When she considered the thousand Difficulties, the Quarrels, perhaps Law-Suits, and certain Scandal, her now once more dear *Malvolio* must undergo, before he could part from *Flavilla*, and the Confusion, which, on the unravelling this Affair, must inevitably ensue, she lamented bitterly the Occasion, and trembled equally for the Consequence.

She would doubtless have remained a long time thus agitated by the different Passions, which alternately took Possession of her Breast, if she had not been call’d down to Supper ; — she went, but with little Appetite to eat, and could scarce conceal the Distraction of her Mind, so as not to be perceived by her Grandmother.

After

After the Cloth was taken away, the old Lady going on some Occasion out of the Room, and only they two left in it, *Malvolio* taking *Dalinda* by the Hand, and looking tenderly on her, *You must confirm the Pardon you have granted*, said he, *by letting me come to-night into your Chamber.* — *No*, replied she, startled at the bare mention of such a thing, *never expect more from me than what I have already done, till our Marriage is declared, and I can receive you without fear* — then, returned he, *I shall not need to ask your leave; but shall I owe nothing to your Love?* *You do too much*, said she, *and you should discharge your first Debt before you run farther on Score.* — He was going to offer some Argument in order to persuade her, but hearing his Grandmother returning, had only time to say, *well, I will come about the usual Hour, and command y u by the Duty of a Wife, to leave the Door open.* She had no Opportunity of answering, the Grandmother being already in the Room: but she was so much disconcerted at what he had said, that, pre-
tending

tending a sudden Head-Ach, she retired presently after to her Chamber.

When there, impossible is it to describe the Commotions in her Breast — she knew herself his Wife, and by that Tye was bound to obey all his lawful Commands ; but whither this was so, as he was at present the Husband of another, was the Question — that Duty he had urged, and perhaps too some kindling Sparks of Inclination pleaded in his Favour, and half persuaded her to do as he required ; but the Reconciliation between them was new, he had promised, but not given any Proofs, that his Intention was to behave honourably towards her ; and after a long Debate within herself, she resolved to grant him no Compliance as a Wife, till he had openly declared her so.

Fix'd in this Determination she went to Bed, but no Sleep, nor even Slumber closed her Eyes — the Door was fast — about One of the Clock, she heard the Brags of the Lock softly turn'd — a second time she heard the same ; and after a gentle Knocking — she lay still,

H

trembled

trembled, but would not rise to give him Entrance, though in some Moments she knew not herself, whether she could be justified for acting in this manner.

After the most uneasy Night she had known for a long time, she rose and went down, having some Orders to give to the Servants, as she always perform'd the Office of a House-keeper to her Grandmother. — She was coming up stairs in order to dress, when she met *Malvolio*, who looking on her with somewhat of a Frown, said, *Let me speak to you — go into the Garden where I saw you Yesterday, and I will follow*—in this she thought she could not be dispensed with from obeying him, and making no other Answer than, *I will*, went directly thither. That Excess of Love she had been inspired with in her extreme Youth for him, being now in some measure re-kindled in her, made her tremble at the thoughts of having displeased him; yet conscious of having behaved as a Woman in her Circumstances ought to do, she waited his Approach with less Anxiety than she had formerly done,

done, after committing any thing he deemed as an Offence. “ Have you used me
“ well, *Dalinda*, can you justify refusing
“ me a Husband’s Rights,” said he as
soon as he drew near. “ When you have
“ proved yourself a Husband,” answered
she, “ I will refuse you nothing, though
“ it were my Life. — You dare not,
“ must not then,” said he; “ but tell me,
“ are you not my Wife? I am,” re-
“ plied she. Knowing yourself such
“ then”, returned he, “ how can you
“ reconcile refusing me Admittance to
“ your Bed, with the Duty of your Place?
“ ——— Because”, said she, “ by your
“ taking another, you have forfeited the
“ Authority of a Husband.” — “ Not at
“ all”, replied he, “ my living in Adul-
“ tery with another Woman, makes me
“ indeed guilty, but cannot make me
“ less a Husband ——— a second Marri-
“ age, while the first exists, is no other
“ than Adultery; and you have no more
“ Pretence for Non-Compliance with my
“ Will, than if I had been all this time
“ cohabiting with a common Mistress —

“ call me perjured — call me incon-
“ stant — call me ungrateful, or what
“ you will, but call me your Hus-
“ band, for such I am — I have con-
“ fessed the Enormity of my Crime to
“ you — you have forgiven it —
“ a little time will put you entirely into
“ my Possession ; and have you so little
“ Tenderness for me, as to see me wretch-
“ ed even for a Day, merely for the Sake
“ of Form ? — O! *Malvolio*,” cried
she, dropping some Tears, “ you well
“ know I never stood on Forms, with
“ you — But this is no more,” interrup-
ted he, “ than what your Duty binds you
“ to — but come”, continued he, “ let
“ us sit down, if what I have to say,
“ does not convince you, I will cease ei-
“ ther to entreat or command”, in speak-
ing these Words, he took hold of her to
make her sit down, but she excused her-
self, saying, the Dew was yet upon the
Grass, and she should take Cold —
“ that shall be prevented,” cried he,
“ the Danger, if there be any, shall be
“ only mine” — with this he threw
him-

himself down, and pulling her with him, made her sit upon his Knees — her struggling availed nothing, and he having one Arm clasp'd fast round her Waist, with the other held both her Hands—
“ You are my Wife,” cried he, “ my
“ dear, dear Wife — more than ten
“ thousand Worlds I love you — pity
“ my Distraction ; if by my Crimes I
“ have lost all tender Returns from you,
“ flatter me at least so far as to make
“ me hope I may recover one Day some
“ part of your Affection.” — “ I need not
“ flatter you,” said she, “ to tell you,
“ that when once our Marriage is proved,
“ no Testimonies of the most fond and
“ sincere Affection shall be wanting in
“ me.” — “ Must I then starve till then ?”
returned he, “ must your Words be as
“ reserved as your Person ? Will you not
“ say you love me ?” — “ In spite of
“ all my Wrongs,” replied she, “ I ne-
“ ver could bring myself to hate you,
“ though I endeavour'd it, and sure the
“ readiness with which I have pardoned
“ all, may shew you that I love.” —

“ O Transport,” cried he, “ but let me
“ not believe too soon — what say your
“ Heart, that dear little Heart, which
“ was used to bound whenever I approach-
“ ed it ——— ’tis that must confirm the
“ Sentence of your Lips.” She was with-
out Stays, and entirely loose as but just
risen from Bed, and his Hand found an
easy Access to her Bosom ——— in what
manner her Heart beat, she herself, per-
haps, would not be able to reveal; but
we may suppose *Malvolio* found nothing
that made him fearful of prosecuting his
Aim, which I doubt not but the Reader
will easily believe, without my telling him
so, he accomplished, in spite of all that
Resolution the poor *Dalinda* had imagin’d
herself so fixed in. ——— The Place
favoured the Wishes of *Malvolio*; they
were at a very great Distance from the
House, the Grandmother yet in Bed, the
Servants all occupied in their Morning
Business, — no Danger of an Interruption,
Dalinda, softened by his Caresses, sunk
melting in his Arms, and entirely in his
Power, made but a feeble Resistance——
all

all things conspired to aid the impatient Husband ——— he seized the Moment, and half yielding, half reluctant, this unhappy Wife became again the Prey of that fatal Passion which had at first seduced her.

As he now loved her with an Extremity of Passion, his Joy was without all Bounds, at having succeeded even beyond his most sanguine Hopes, and she, no less charm'd at the Proofs he gave her of his Love, made no Scruple of confessing to him, he was no less dear to her than ever he had been; but still insisted, that no time should be lost for the Discovery of their Marriage ——— He swore a thousand Oaths that it was the only thing he wish'd, and that he had already taken some Steps for the getting rid of *Flavilla*. ——— He said he was in daily Expectations of her desiring a Separation, *then*, said he, *the greatest Part of her Fortune will remain with me*. ——— She asked him several Questions concerning the Possibility of keeping any thing belonging to that Lady, if a previous Marriage were

known, and what Provision was to be made for the Child ; to all which he made but evasive Answers, bid her leave all to him, he should manage so as to bring every thing to her Satisfaction.— Believing the Sincerity of his Love, she believed also, that he meant nothing more than what he professed concerning their settling together, and now on his earnest requesting it, promised to admit him into her Chamber that Night, and every Night while he continued there.

Dalinda, it must be owned, acted very imprudently in this Concession, but she loved, the darling Object pressed, she was a Woman with all her Sex's Softness ; he, a Man with all his Sex's Artifice ——— nay more, she was a Wife, and he a Husband ——— he resolute to accomplish his Desires ; she fearful of offending by Disobedience—if her Courage had enabled her to have stood out against all his Temptations, it is more than probable the Impatience he was in to enjoy her, would have made him behave in the manner he had promised ; but as he had gained his
Point,

Point, and was now reinstated in her Heart and Person, the Estate of *Flavilla*, which he could no way, whatever he pretended, retain and part with her, had Charms for him, which the Vows he had just made to *Dalinda*, were too weak to overthrow. — He loved the one, and he hated the other, it is true, but his old Passion for Money still held its Dominion in his Breast, and though in Effect he ardently wish'd to live with his first Wife, and knew only Discontent with his second, yet could not that Discontent bring him to a settled Resolution of depriving himself of the Fortune that was tack'd to it.

There was indeed something remarkably odd in the Fate of these two Persons, who seem'd born for the mutual Destruction of each other's Interest, Peace of Mind and Reputation — It was *Dalinda's* unhappy Passion for *Malvolio*, and the Condition it had reduced her to, which inspired him with Pity, made him meekly to humour her, enter into those Engagements with her, which he never intended to keep; and it was his being pos-

fest of the same Degree of amorous Inclinations for her after he was married to a Lady, who had every thing to gratify his Ambition, that determined him to hazard every thing to enjoy her, and hinder her from bestowing herself on another, with whom she might have been happy. — As they were circumstanced, it was impossible for them ever to live together with any share of Credit in the World, yet both of them passionately desired it, and the only Impediment to their doing so, was *Flavilla's* Estate, which had too many Charms for *Malvolio*, for him to abandon without the greatest Difficulty; and the Struggles he endured between his Love and Avarice, rendered him no less wretched, than his fluctuating Resolutions in this Point made *Dalinda*, when finding so many Delays, as she afterwards did, in the Performances of those fine Promises he had made on their Reconciliation.

But this was an Evil yet to come, she had at present an entire Dependance on him; and not doubting but their Marriage

riage would now in a very short time be declared, and then proved valid, had no other Anxiety, than what arose from the Thoughts of that Confusion, in which such a Discovery would involve all their Kindred and Friends.

Malvolio staid ten Days at his Grandmother's, every Night of which, except the first, he passed with his dear *Dalinda* ——— he seemed perfectly happy; but she could not think herself so, and frequently told him, that it was hard for a Woman, who knew herself his lawful Wife, to be constrained to receive the Embraces of a Husband in so clandestine a manner ——— that their manner of seeing each other, had so much the Air of a criminal Amour, that it gave a Shock to her Modesty, tho' conscious she did no more than what her Duty authorized, and in fine, that she never could be easy till their Marriage was declared ——— To this he constantly replied, that he was no less impatient for it than herself, and that he hoped the next time he was so happy as to see her, he should bring News to

her Satisfaction; but entreated her to break off all Acquaintance with *Leander*; telling her, that though he had the highest Opinion of her Virtue, yet he could not bear that any Man should, even for a Moment, flatter himself with ever being able to gain her Affection. She answered, that she had never given him the least Encouragement, nor ever would as a Lover; but could not avoid treating him with Civility, while he continued to visit her Grandmother. *Well*, said he, *I shall never enjoy a quiet Moment till I put an end to all this. — Heaven grant I may never meet him here; if I do, it will certainly occasion a Quarrel.*

Dalinda said every thing she could in order to quiet the Emotions of his Jealousy, but was not sorry in her Heart he had entertained them, because she thought they would be a means of hastening an Eclaircissement, the only thing she now wish'd on Earth.

Malvolio had been gone no more than two Days, when *Leander* came and brought two of his Sisters with him — they staid

staid but a Week, being to go on another Visit farther up the Country ——— *Dalinda* avoided being alone with him as much as possible ; but his industrious Love, in spite of all her Caution, found more Opportunities than one to prosecute his Suit ; this gave her a good deal of Pain, she was convinced of the Sincerity of his Love, and had too much Good-nature not to pity a State, the Miseries of which she had so much experienced in the first Attacks of that Passion in favour of *Malvolio*, when he seemed, and was indeed, as little sensible of any for her, as she was of that of *Leander*. ——— She answered him as she had ever done, that she found no Inclination to change her Condition, nor believed she ever should, and desired he would refrain talking to her on that score ——— his younger Sister, who of the two was most intimate with *Dalinda*, pressing her one Day in his behalf, having been engaged by him to do so, *dear Miss*, replied she, *I beg you will not persecute me on this Affair, I have told your Brother my Resolution is fix'd not to alter*
my

my Condition, and I assure you, that I have Reasons for making that Resolution, which are at present a Secret to all the World.

— It was in vain the young Lady begg'd to be made a Sharer in that Secret, the other desired to be excused, as it related only to herself; and thus the Conversation ended.

Leander, being informed by his Sister of what *Dalinda* had said, was very much surprized, and troubled at it; but had no Opportunity of uttering his Complaints: the next Day was that appointed for their Departure, and *Dalinda* was eased of all Fears of *Malvolio*'s returning before they were gone, little imagining they should meet in another Place, and what would be the Success of their seeing each other at this time, and how black a Piece of Treachery was then preparing to be acted against her.

A very great Horse-Race being to be run in that Part of the Country where *Leander* and his Sisters were gone, most of the Gentlemen of Note for forty or fifty Miles round were present at it

— of

— of which number was *Malvolio*—and being acquainted with the Family where *Leander* was a Guest, was invited to take a Bed in the same House while the Diversions lasted, or as long as he pleased — he accepted the Offer, which was little to the Satisfaction of *Leander*. — He knew he had been his Rival, though since his Marriage not esteemed a dangerous one ; yet, as he was sometimes tempted to believe the Coldness with which *Dalinda* treated his Pretensions, was owing to the Remains of her former Affection for her Cousin, he could not see him with that Pleasure he otherwise would have done any of the Kindred of that Lady — *Malvolio*, on the other hand, who knew him for his Rival, was equally troubled at this Meeting — they both, however, behaved to each other with the same Ease and Freedom, as they would have done, had neither of them ever loved *Dalinda*.

It happened one Night, that being merry over a Bottle, with a great deal of other Company, *Leander* taking up his Glass
I said,

said, *Come, Malvolio, I will do myself the Pleasure to toast the most agreeable Lady in the West — your fair Kinswoman Dalinda. — I thank you, Sir,* returned Malvolio, without discovering the least Confusion in his Countenance, *and I will take Care to let my Cousin know the Honour you do her. — You need not,* replied the other, *she is not unacquainted with the Respect I pay her.* There past no more at that time, but Malvolio, who inwardly fumed with jealous Spite, after ruminating, if by any means he could made this accidental Meeting with Leander of any Service to his own Designs, took an Occasion the next Day of accosting him as he happening to be alone in the Court-Yard, after having been given some Directions concerning his Horses, and after some Discourse on ordinary Affairs, *What you said last Night,* said he, *in relation to my Cousin Dalinda, confirming the Report I had heard before of your Courtship, I thought proper, for both your Sakes, to have a little Talk with you on that Affair,* — *Sir,* replied the other, *as much as*
you

you please — that I love Dalinda, is a Truth known to all my Acquaintance — the Passion I have for her, is of a Nature that will stand the Test of Examination — I have no clandestine Designs in my Addresses, therefore make them in the Face of the World. This I am well assured of, said Malvolio, and that she ought to have, and I dare answer has the most just Sense of your Honour, and of the many Advantages of an Alliance with you; yet, continued he, shaking his Head, though I wish my Cousin well, I have Reasons to fear a Match between you may be not so happy, as your Passion promises; and if my Advice were of any Weight, I should persuade you not to be too hasty in this Matter.

Impossible is it to describe the mingled Emotions of Surprize and Anger which at this instant rose in *Leander's* Soul, but he restrained them breaking out, and only said, *I cannot conceive, Sir, on what Motive you are induced to speak in this manner, since I am very certain, that whoever that Lady marries must be happy. —* On this *Malvolio* affected a half Smile, and replied,

replied, *Well Sir, I have done what I thought Honour and the Good-will I have always born you demanded from me ; if you neglect the friendly Admonition, it is your own Fault, not mine.*

O Sir, said Leander, very much irritated, *whatever unforeseen Accident should happen to render my Union with Dalinda, less fortunate than I at present imagine, I can see no Reason, wherefore I should have any Thing to accuse you of ; ——— but,* continued he, forcing himself to speak in a Tone between the pleasant and the serious, *if you were not married, and to a Lady who deserves all your Affection, or if I were of a jealous Disposition, this great Interest you seem to take in my Happiness, would make me suspect you rather had your own in View, ——— in fine, I should take you for my Rival, and aimed only to deter me from prosecuting my Addresses to your Cousin, in order to secure her to yourself.*

This was the very Point to which Malvolio wanted to bring him, and having wrought him as he thought to a Pitch fitting

fitting for his Purpose, he cryed out, affecting a great Confusion of Mind, *Me, Sir, me! I in love with my Cousin! — — — bless me how could such a Thing come into your Head! — — — The Girl is good-natured, and pretty enough indeed — and I loved her as a Relation, and so I believe she did me; — but no farther, — — — I never had the least Thought of marrying her, — — — not I, upon my Honour, — — — if you ask her, she will tell you the same.*

I did but jest, replied *Leander* coldly; *but I shall think of your Advice. — As to that,* said *Malvolio*, still pretending a great Confusion of Mind, *you may act as you think proper, — but — — — I had forgot, — but, I believe they stay breakfast for us.* And so hurried away, as if to recover himself from some very great inward Commotion, but indeed to conceal the Satisfaction it gave him to find the Pain his ambiguous Manner of speaking had given his Rival.

I doubt not but the Reader will easily conceive all this was done with a Design to make *Leander* strongly suspect, if not
abso-

absolutely believe, that *Dalinda* was his Mistress, and thereby oblige him to give over his Pretensions; for though this cruel and unjust Husband was perfectly convinced *Dalinda* neither could, nor would return his Passion; yet so violent was the Love he now had for her, that he could not support with any Degree of Patience, her being address'd by any other Man, as a very great Author justly expresses it.

*Love various Minds does variously inspire,
He stirs in gent'le Nature, gentle Fire;
Like that of Incense on the Altar laid,
But raging Flames tempestuous Swells
invade:*

*A Fire which every windy Passion blows,
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge
it glows.*

The Bait he laid for *Leander* would not, however, have been so easily swallowed, but for what his own Eyes had shewn him between *Malvolio* and *Dalinda* long ago, in the Walk behind the Grove, as has been related. ——— Their Behaviour to each

each other at that Time, convinced him but too plainly, that the warmest Affection existed between them. — By the Marriage of *Malvolio* soon after, he had imagined it broke off; but the Melancholly, which *Dalinda* could not conceal on that Event, and her obstinate Refusal of the tender Vows he offered, gave him Reason to fear the same Passion had still Dominion over her Heart. — Fain he would have banished that Idea, but his Endeavours for that Purpose were in vain, and it is not therefore to be wondered at, that the Discourse *Malvolio* had entertained him with, very much strengthened those Apprehensions in him. — Let any one, who has ever experienced the Force of a true and ardent Passion, judge what he must feel in so cruel a Situation as this he was now plunged in, by the Baseness of *Malvolio*.

This ungenerous Man, to make what he had done more sure, being to depart the next Morning, took *Leander* aside just before he went, and assuming a Look which should convince the other of the
Insin-

Insincerity of what he was about to utter.
—— *I have been thinking*, said he, *of what you hinted at yesterday to me concerning my Cousin, and am very sorry you or any one else should imagine there ever was any amorous Intercourse between us. — Alas; I never had a Thought of her that Way. — You know her Fortune would not do for me; and as for debauching her, I could not have answered it to my Conscience; therefore I beg you will harbour no Thought of that Nature. — I would give my Oath if required, that I never even kissed her Lips but in the Way of Courtesy, after a long Absence, or to take my Leave when going away. —* Sir, replied Leander gravely, *you might have spared yourself this unnecessary Trouble; I do assure you, it would be very difficult for me to entertain any Doubts in Prejudice of that Lady's Virtue.* To which Malvolio only said, he was glad of it, and turned away.

The utmost Artifice and Malice of Hell could not have contrived a more likely Way to ruin the Reputation of *Dalinda* with her Lover, than this *Malvolio* had taken,

taken ——— and if ever successful Villany had cause to triumph in Success, he doubtless had. *Leander* indeed had dissembled his Concern as much as any Man who loved could do ; but though his Words were cool, and his Countenance tollerably composed, yet the Disorders of his Mind, in spite of all the Restraint he put upon himself, spoke through his Eyes too plainly, not to shew the observing *Malvolio* what passed within. -

The next Step he had to take, was to continue his Deception with *Dalinda* : For though it is certain, that to think of her being another's, was worse than Death to him, and that he passionately desired to live with her, yet it was as a Mistress, not a Wife ——— *Flavilla's* Estate afforded him too many Conveniencies in Life, for him to be able to sacrifice it to his amorous Inclinations, vehement, and yet unsatiated, as they were ; and having now, as he thought, effectually broke the neck of *Leander's* Courtship, and thereby deprived *Dalinda* of a Resource so formidable to his Wishes, flatter'd himself with
being

being able to secure her for ever by such ways as should hinder any other Man from attempting to take her from him.

He went directly from this House to that of his Grandmother, and had so much good Humour in his Countenance, that *Dalinda* doubted not but he was now full fraught with the good News he had made her hope for in his last Visit — having no Opportunity of speaking to him in private till Bed-time, she impatiently waited his coming into her Chamber — after a few Caresses equally warm and tender on each side, *My dear Soul*, said he, *this damned Woman sticks to me like a Burr — there is no getting rid of her by the way I intended — she tells me she will live with me, to be a Plague to me — the first thing therefore I have to do, is to prove my Marriage with you — then to bring you home to take your Place in my House and Bed, assert your just and only Title to all that is mine, and drive her out by Force — it is true, by this manner of acting, I lose all Claim to every thing*

thing belonging to her, but I am sorry for it, only as I cannot support you in the Grandeur I could wish — I know, however, continued he, you love me enough to be content to share any Condition with me. — The deluded Dalinda was so transported with these Expressions, that she could make no other answer than a fond Embrace.

They then entred into a Conversation concerning the proving their Marriage; Dalinda asked if it could not be done in the Country? He told her, it could not; for as no Licence was taken out, nor was it registered, there was an absolute Necessity for the Clergyman to see them both, in order to give a Certificate, so that they must go to London; and he had already contrived a plausible Pretence for taking this Journey together — It must be, said he, as if by meer Accident and wholly undesigned by either of us; for I would not have my Grandmother suspect any thing till all comes out — I shall stay here but two Days, when I am gone you may pretend to her, that you have a

mind to go to London to buy Clothes——
"I do not suppose she will be against it; but
if she should, you know her Temper, and
that by continually speaking of it, you may
teaze her into Compliance at last——
let me know by a Letter when you are ready
to go, and I will come, and pretend some
extraordinary Business calls me to London,
and that I only waited on my Grandmo-
ther, to know if she had any Commands
there —— I shall be alone in the old tra-
velling Chariot, and it would be natural for
you to take the Opportunity of going with
me to save the Expence of the Stage.

This Project seemed too plausible not to be approved of by *Dalinda*, and she look'd on the happy Contrivance of it, as a new Proof of the Sincerity of his Affection. — He then, told her, how he had met with *Leander*, and related the Conversation they had together, in such a manner, which, tho' partly true, carried a quite different meaning; in so much, that if *Leander* mentioned it to her, she should imagine her perfidious Husband had design'd to make him suspect she was his Wife,
instead

instead of his Mistress, which, as has been already shewn, was the thing he aim'd at — so easy it is for an artful Person, to make the same Words be taken in a Signification altogether the Reverse of what they are really calculated for.

Dalinda now thought all her Anxieties near a Conclusion, and flatter'd herself, with passing the whole Remainder of her Days, in all the Felicities of an uninterrupted, uncensured Love, with a Husband, whom she had the most ardent Affection for, and who she thought, in spite of the false Step his Ambition alone had led him into, now by his sincere Penitence merited all the Regard she could pay to him.

Leander, in the mean time, laboured under the severest Inquietudes; the Words of *Malvolio* had made a deep Impression on his Mind, which, join'd with the Remembrance of what his own Eyes had been Witnesses of, rack'd him with most terrible Consolation; he communicated part of his Discontents to that Sister who had been most intimate with *Dalinda*, and desired she would tell him freely what

was her Opinion of that young Lady. To which she replied, that though she could not now tell how to bring herself to entertain any Suspensions in Prejudice of her Virtue, yet she had taken Notice of some Passages between her and *Malvolio* — such as Winks, Nods, and looking at each other, when they thought they were not observed, in a manner which she could not describe, but thought very particular, which made her sometimes fear there was a closer Intimacy between them than either of them cared should be known.

Leander then ask'd, if she had seen any thing of this Behaviour towards each other since his Marriage? *Yes, Brother,* said she, *the same as before — you may remember I was there, about two Months ago, a whole Fortnight: Malvolio came while I was there, and I am sure I was put sadly to the Blush one Day. — As* bow, cried *Leander* hastily. *Why Brother,* answered this innocent young Lady, *I could scarce believe my Eyes, happening to go pretty hastily into the Parlour, there did I see Dalinda sitting on the Settee, and*
Malvolio

Malvolio astride upon her Lap, with one of his Hands down her Bosom, she all unlaced, for it was early in the Morning — I would have ran back, but he saw me in the great Glass, and both of them got up; this Girl, said Malvolio, is so full of Romps this Morning, that I was obliged to keep her down by main Force to make her be quiet — she then pretended to pull him, as if they had been at play together, but I could see they were both of them in Confusion enough. It passed off, however, I took no Notice, but could not forbear thinking on it ever since.

You had Reason, cried Leander, with a deep Sigh; and then again, Good God! resumed he, *Can it be possible!* — *Unfortunate Dalinda!* — *Base Malvolio!* *It must be so* — *it is too plain she is undone.*

Some Moments did this afflicted Lover give to the Shock of this Proof, that Dalinda was no less devoted to Malvolio since his Marriage, than he too well knew she had been before. — After which, he began to reflect on his Behaviour to

himself — the Advice he gave him to break off with *Dalinda*, must either be from an Excess of Generosity towards him, or an Excess of Fondness for her, which rendered the Thoughts of sharing her with another insupportable — the latter of these seem'd to him to be the true Motive; and his Affection for *Dalinda* still continuing, made him consider her Undoer, as the Ruin of all his earthly Happiness. — He resolv'd, however, to visit her once more, and speak to her in Terms, which should oblige her to give him a clearer Light into the Affair.

He could not go thither, however, so soon as his Impatience wish'd, he had promised his Sisters to carry them to several Places, in fine, make a kind of little Tour about the Country before they returned — and though he shortned their Stay every where as much as possible, and lay but one Night at home, he was too late to see *Dalinda*, who some Days before was set out with *Malvolio*, as had been agreed between them.

The

The old Lady made no Scruple of telling him, that her Granddaughter was gone to *London*, in order to see the new Fashions and buy Clothes, and also who accompanied her, relating the thing as it appeared to her of no manner of Moment. — But every Word she spoke struck a Dagger to his Heart — he had much ado to restrain his Confusion at this new Proof of an Intimacy so fatal to her Honour; nor could do it so well, but that it must have been visible to the Grandmother, had she entertained the least Suspicion, there was any Foundation for Uneasiness on this Account; but the Marriage of *Malvolio* had entirely put all Thoughts of that Nature out of her Head.

Leander asked her in way of Conversation, if there was not once some talk of a Marriage between *Malvolio* and *Dalinda*; to which she answering in the Negative: *Nor no Courtship on his Side*, cried he, with some Eagerness. *Not in the least I can assure you, Sir*, said she, *my Grandson had always other Views; as you must*

certainly have heard, for Flavilla was not the first Lady he made his Addressee to.

—— I believe not, indeed, Madam, replied he coldly, and I ask Pardon for my foolish Curiosity. —— This was all he said on the Occasion, easily perceiving they had imposed upon the old Lady, and found means to render her blind to an Intrigue carried on under her own Roof.

As she had told him, she did not expect Dalinda would leave London in less than a Month or six Weeks, he returned home the next Day, with a Mind full of disturb'd Emotions. —— There let us leave him for a while, to return to Dalinda, and see what Effect all the fine Promises that had been made to her by Malvolio produced, for altering her unhappy Circumstances.

After their Arrival, he amused her some time with accompanying her in the Visits she made to several distant Relations she had in Town, (for neither her Sister, nor any of her Brothers were there at that time) and in carrying her to all the publick

Diversions

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Diversions ——— he pretended, indeed, to go every Day to the *Fleet*, in order to appoint the Parson that married them, to give them both a Meeting at some Tavern; but came back and said, he was abroad, or sick ——— After having made these Excuses various times, and finding her Patience began to be tired out, and that she began to suspect some unfair dealing, he at last told her plainly, that in reality there was no such thing as proving their Marriage, for the Clergyman was in effect gone to *Georgia* ——— *I know not therefore, said he, how to proceed— my bare declaring you are my first Wife will never be believed, they will imagine it only a Trick in me to get rid of my second, and live with one who I like better. — thus we should become quite ridiculous to the World ——— but if you consent to live with me as a Mistress, I will keep all the Estate of Flavilla, except a small Pittance by way of separate Maintenance, the Censure we may incur will soon wear off, and at the worse, be no more severe than would be put upon us if we passed for Husband*

and Wife; I say pass'd, for though we are lawfully such, no body will take our Words for it.

It was wholly owing to the Shock this infamous Proposal gave *Dalinda*, that she suffered him to go on so far without interrupting him — at last she attempted to speak, but the swelling Passion was too big for Words — she could only vent it on herself, which she did in tearing off her Head-Dress and Hair with it, which came off by Handfuls, and in this Action fell into a Fit ——— he threw Water on her Face, cut the Lacings of her Stays, and bent her forward, which soon brought her to herself — on perceiving his Arm about her ——— *Stand off ——— Serpent ——— Monster ——— Devil!* — cried she, pushing him from her, *touch me not — unless to kill me! But that*, continued she, weeping, *would be an Act of Charity thou art not capable of.*

He was so well acquainted with the natural Softness of Woman-kind, and particularly with that of *Dalinda* towards him, that

that he doubted not but the Influence he had over her, would soon regain its Empire over her Soul, when once this first Storm of Rage was abated — he therefore let her go on, uttering what her but too just Indignation dictated, for a considerable time; till finding no Abatement, and that she continued to load him with all the opprobrious Names she could invent, *It is mighty well*, said he, *you, perhaps, think this Fury very pretty in you; but I must tell you such Language does not become a Wife to her Husband, but is more suitable of that Character you are so fearful of being charged with.*

When I have the Privileges of a Wife, replied she, *I shall behave with the Patience, and submissive Obedience of a Wife; — but till then, expect nothing from me, but such Reproaches as besit an injured and deceived Woman.*

I have neither injured nor deceived you, said he; *my Compliance with your Desires to marry you, was wholly owing to my Pity for the Condition to which I saw you're reduced; for then I loved you not, though I*

now I do, and desire nothing so much as to live with you; but it is not my Fault that I cannot do it in the way you require — the Parson is not to be found, and it is as much out of my Power to prove our Marriage as it is out of yours — and I think your own Reason might convince you, that for us to say we are married, without being able to bring the least Testimony of it, is only to make ourselves contemptible to every one that knows us.

To shew then, you do not impose upon me, returned she, carry me to the Fleet, — let me see the House, the Room where we were married — let me at least be satisfied the Parson is gone — on this he affected to laugh, told her, he had reason to resent her not believing what he said on this Score; but that he had more regard for her Character than to take her into such a Place, where she must be exposed to a great number of idle drunken People, meerly to ask a Question he had already resolved — You know, said he, the extreme Caution and Secrecy I observed in conducting you when we

went to be married ——— and things were quite otherwise then; I knew the Clergyman, and had engaged him to order the Coast to be clear, that you might be seen by none but those whom Necessity obliged to be present.

This Excuse had no manner of weight with *Dalinda*; she thought it little probable a Man, who wanted her to live with him as a Mistress, should be so nicely tender of her Reputation, in a Point of so trifling a Nature, as this certainly was.

Finding it was not in the power of all the Arguments, so bad a Cause could furnish him with, to make her think in the manner he wish'd she should, he had Recourse to his old way of softning her with Endearments, but she repelled his Caresses with a Disdain, which he had never before thought her capable of towards him: *Then you are positively determined, said he, not to live with me unless I declare my Marriage? ——— I am,* replied she fiercely, *and will till Death persist in that Resolution. ——— You will at least consent,* returned he, *that we continue the same private Correspondence we have*

have done since our happy Reconciliation.
—— *Happy Reconciliation!* interrupted she in the extremest Agonies, curse on the fatal Moment, in which I listened to your false Vows —— your dissembled Penitence, and yielded to be undone a second time. —— By Heaven, said he, not Heaven itself is more true than is my Love for you —— be assured I will be one Day yours in the way you insist upon; but cannot live if denied the Blessing of enjoying you. —— Flavilla is now again with Child, I was in hopes she would have died of her first, but it is morally impossible she can go through the second; and I am sure she shall have little Care taken of her. —— Then, my Dear, continued he, I will publickly marry you, publickly in the Presence of all our Friends.

If any thing could have added to the Fury Dalinda was in before, it would have been to hear Flavilla was pregnant; because he had a thousand times swore to her, that though he lived with her in the same House, and laid in the same Bed, he had never cohabited with her as a Wife
since

since the Birth of his Son. ——— She reproached his Falshood in this Point, as in all others, he had practis'd on her in terms suitable to the Occasion. ———

He excus'd himself, said, it happened in an unguarded Moment —that he had been drinking hard, and she was more endearing than usual — that he knew not what he did, nor even remembered any thing of it till her Pregnancy reminded him.

This seem'd to *Dalinda* so little worth an Answer, that she only turned away her Head in Token of Contempt; he seem'd, however, to be offended now at nothing she said, but endeavour'd to bring her into better Humour, by the most vehement Professions of everlasting Love to her, and Hatred to *Favilla*; but all without Effect.

——— She was so far from condescending to his Desires, that she vow'd rather to suffer a thousand Deaths than ever yield him any Compliance as a Wife, till he had acknowledged her as such; and it growing late he was oblig'd to leave her, and go to his own Lodgings, without either kissing her Lips, or even touching her
her

her Hand, though he requested it with Tears, and all the submissive Eloquence, that artful Man so well knows how to use when aiming to betray.

It is easy to conceive, in what Agonies this unhappy Woman past the Night ; never had she known one so cruel ——— that of the Confirmation of his Marriage with *Flavilla* was not half so terrible — some Hours she gave to Complaints on the Severity of her Fate, which had doom'd her to the Victim of such unparalleled Perfidy and Deceit ——— but the Violence of her Grief being a little evaporated in Tears and Exclamations, she began to consider with more Calmness, what she should do to avoid being persecuted with any farther Sollicitations from him ; for she was now fully determined to keep her Vow, and never meet him more in love, without obliged to it by her Duty when proved his Wife ——— Tenderness no longer pleaded for him in her Breast — she no longer look'd on him as a Man who had a true Affection for her, though Avarice had made him act in Opposition to that Affection, but as a Man who only
aim'd

aim'd at keeping her the Slave of his loose Desires, to live with her as a Prostitute, the Creature of his Will, and perhaps, at last abandon her to bewail alone her Infamy. — She even hated him, and wish'd never to see him more — an infinite Variety of tormenting Ideas ran through her Mind, on recollecting the many Deceptions he had practis'd on her, and how grossly she had suffered herself to be impos'd upon by them as so many sacred Truths. — The Affront he had put upon her Understanding, the little Regard he had for her Reputation, altogether rendered him now almost as hateful in her Eye as he had lately been desirable.

Yet did not all the just Anger and Contempt which she was now possess'd of on his account, make her cease to wish her Marriage with him was declared — as she knew herself his Wife, and thought it neither consistent with Honour or Religion to marry any other Man, it seem'd to her a less Evil to acknowledge she had a Villain for a Husband, than to be suspected of having had a criminal Amour with

with a Villain, should any Passages of their Behaviour ever come to light.

She therefore set herself to consider, what Method it would be best for her to take, in order to bring him to the Point she aim'd at ——— she had already experienced, that the most fond and tender Compliance with his Desires was not effectual, and was resolved to try what a contrary Behaviour would do ——— she was very well convinced that he now loved her with a raging though impure Passion ——— that he could not be easy without the Gratification of his amorous Flame, and was not without Hope, that by persisting in refusing him, that she should at last oblige him to do that for the sake of his own Ease, which he could not be brought to do for the sake of her Reputation and Peace of Mind.

To give him no Opportunity therefore of cajoling, or forcing her into a Compliance, she order'd herself to be denied to him when he came the next Day, and having spent that time in preparing for her Journey, set out in the Flying-Coach at

Two o'Clock in the Morning, to return to her Grandmother — before her Departure, she left a Letter to be deliver'd to him after she was gone : The Contents whereof were as follows.

“ *The injured Dalinda, to the most perfidious of Men, Malvolio.*

“ **T**OO much already do you owe
“ to the Condescensions of my
“ *Love*, expect nothing from me here-
“ after, but what my *Duty* shall oblige
“ me too. ——— In this Resolution I
“ return to my Grandmother, where I
“ shall take proper Measures to avoid ei-
“ ther seeing or speaking to you in pri-
“ vate ——— I would not therefore have
“ you endeavour it, nor imagine that any
“ Pretences you now can make, will have
“ any weight with me ——— when you
“ think fit to declare and assert the Power
“ you have over me, I shall then, and
“ not till then, pay Obedience to any
“ Command you may lay upon me—
“ in a Word, never till you prove your-
“ self

“ self a *Husband* shall you find a *Wife*—
“ in

“ *The unfortunate,*

“ *And much abused,*

“ DALINDA.”

Never did any Astonishment exceed that which *Malvolio* had on receiving this Billet ——— he had never believed her capable of that Spirit these few resolute Lines testified her to be Mistress of ——— he had flatter’d himself with the Opinion, that he should by one Stratagem or other be able to retain her as the Victim of his Pleasures, in the same manner he had so long done, still as long as his Inclination should prompt him to desire it; and to find she acted in a fashion so widely different from what he expected, was, perhaps, no less a Mortification to his Pride, than to that warmer Passion, which, as a Punishment for his Falshood, Heaven still permitted him to be possess of,

to a degree which few Men, after Enjoyment, have experienced.

He comforted himself with the Thoughts, however, that it would be next to an Impossibility for her wholly to shun being spoke to by him at their Grandmother's, though she should never so strenuously endeavour it; and the Remembrance of that Excess of Love which he had found from her ever since their Reconciliation, made him sometimes flatter himself, that he had still the same Friend within her Bosom, which, with a little Assistance on his Part, would again be able to triumph over all the Dictates of Reason and Resentment.

He resolved at all Events to have a private Interview with her on his Return into the Country; and, believing that his Words, and that seducing Manner, in which he so well knew how to deliver them, would have more Effect than the most passionate things he could urge in Writing, prevented him from sending any Letter to her for a considerable time; but happening to be seized with a violent Fit
of

Fit of the Gout, a Distemper till then unknown to him, and thereby prevented from following her so soon as he at first intended, he had no longer Patience, but accompanied a Letter sent to his Grand-mother, on some Business she had ordered him to do for her, with one to her, the Purport of which shall hereafter be related. — It is time now to go back to *Dalinda*, and see how well she persisted in the Heroism she had so lately assumed.

I believe it may have been observed, that when two Persons united, either by Love or Friendship, happen to quarrel through any Misrepresentations of evil-minded People, unhappily mistaking the Intentions of each other, or some real Error committed on the Part of one or the other, and are afterwards reconciled, the Band between them becomes stronger than before: they have known for a time the Loss of that social Happiness which flows from a Communication of Hearts, and having recovered it again, are careful not to do any thing which may again deprive

I

them

them of so great a Blessing.—But when this Knot happens to be a second time dissolved, there seldom, if ever, ensues a second sincere Reconciliation — the Confidence may be patched up between them, but not so strongly but that some Rents will appear, and dark Suspicion shew itself thro' all the Gloss of the most fair Profession.—And indeed, it is not in Nature to be otherwise ; for though an Injury once forgiven ought to be forgotten, yet on a Repetition the Memory will recoil, and every *past* Cause of Resentment, by the *present*, be renewed.

Dalinda, on the seeming Penitence of *Malvolio*, had loved him with the same Tenderness as before he had given her any Offence — had trusted as much in him, and looked on the Crime he had been guilty of to her, rather as a Misfortune into which he had been hurried by the Circumstances of his Affairs, and the Importunities of his Friends than as a premeditated Guilt ; but now, on finding herself a second time deceived, his Behaviour appeared to her as a studied Insult, an Affront to her Understanding, as well

as an Abuse on the Credulity of her Love ; and in fine, as if he return'd only to triumph, make her again the Victim of a too fond Affection, and divert himself with the easy Faith, he at any time could inspire her with.

These Considerations had so much Force with her, as to enable her to think of him, if not with Aversion, yet without the least degree of Tendernefs — she was not only convinced he was a Villain, but also convinced of it without any other Pain that what was occasioned by the Reflection of her own Misfortune, in being deprived by him of the Power of giving herself to a more worthy Man.

She had not been many Days at Home before *Leander* heard of her Return, and also, that she was come without *Malvolio*, at which he was extremely pleased, as hoping she would by degrees break off whatever Attachment she had to him ; — not that, after what he had been told, he could have any Thoughts of marrying her ; but the sincere Friendship he had for her, made him passionately wish to find she was at last convinced of her Error,

Error, and would forbear all future Conversation with a Man who was the Husband of another, and therefore could not, as he imagined, continue to love without a Crime, which must one Day involve her in the most terrible Perplexities,

To aid this good Design, and shew her how little *Malvolio* merited her Affection, he thought it would be proper to make her one more Visit as a Lover, and not only acquainted her with what had past between himself and *Malvolio* on her Account, but also of the Suspicions which he perceived many People had entertained on the very great Intimacy there was between her and that dangerous Relation.

The old Lady being lain down to Sleep, as was her Custom every Afternoon, he found *Dalinda* alone in the Parlour when he came in.—She received him with her usual Civility, till he beginning to complain of the little Progress his long Courtship had made on her Heart; she replied somewhat peevishly, *You know, Sir, you have nothing to accuse me of on that score—*

I never encouraged your Addresses, and always told you I designed not to alter my Condition. — You did so, Madam, said he, but you must pardon me if I did not give altogether so much Credit to your Words on that Account, as I would do on any other. — I long since knew I had a dangerous Rival to oppose my Pretences: — one who had the happy Opportunity, by being almost always with you, of stealing himself into your Heart, and shutting up the Recesses of it from all others; but I hoped his Marriage would have freed you from whatever Engagements there might be between you, and left you at Liberty to Reward the Services of a more faithful Adorer. — What do you mean, Sir, cried Dalinda, a little confused? Need I, answered he, name your Cousin Malvolio, to make you sensible I am not ignorant that no other Rival was capable of giving me Pain; and that by his disposing of himself to another, I entertain'd the most presuming Hopes of succeeding him. — I know not, said she, upon what Grounds, either your past Fears, or present Hopes are founded,

ed, and might tell you that you had no Reason for either on his Account ; but I too much prize the generous Affection you so long have profest for me, and am too desirous of the Continuance of your Friendship, not to endeavour to be grateful for the one, and industrious to deserve the other, so far as is in my Power, to attempt to deceive you. ——— Know then, generous Leander, that Malvolio is a Villain, ——— that he has abused me in the most egregious manner ; yet such is the unhappy Circumstance of my Fate, that while he lives I cannot be yours.

She could not speak these last Words without bursting into Tears, and Leander was so much surprized at hearing them, that not being able presently to reply, she went on thus ——— Think not therefore, said she, it is owing to an Insensibility of your Merits, or that Love which you have given me too many Proofs of in your long Perseverance to doubt of, which has made me seem so averse to your Desires ——— No, Sir, it is a fatal Necessity that has forced me to appear blind to my own Interest, and

*ungrateful to the Regard you have for me.
—— Transmit it, therefore, I beseech you
to some more worthy —— more happy
Object, whose ill Stars deny her not the
Power of returning it.*

*No, Madam, no, replied he with a deep
Sigh, you are the only Woman I ever did,
or ever can love —— but there is a strange
Enigma in your Words, which pardon me,
if I desire you to explain. —— If Mal-
volio be a Villain, must Leander suffer for
his Crime? —— Which way can my
Happiness depend upon his Life or Death?
—— It is impossible you can be his Wife,
and I cannot, dare not, think you are his
Mistress. —— What kind of Engagement
then can he have laid you under, which
now he is married, tears me from my
Hopes?*

*Dalinda was silent for some time, un-
able to resolve whether she should reveal
to him the whole State of her Affairs or
not —— one Moment she thought that
she had said too much, unless she said
more; the next reminded her of the so-
lemn Oath she had taken to Malvolio,
never*

never to reveal the Secret — loth she was to give *Leander* any room to suspect her Virtue, yet equally loth to discover the Truth of her unhappy Case — at last, perceiving he impatiently expected her Reply, — *It is not, Sir, said she, any want of Confidence in your Honour or Integrity, nor Shame for conscious Guilt, that prevents me from laying the State of my Misfortunes open to you; but there is a wretched Circumstance in my Fate, which will not suffer me to make it known — I have said much more to you than to any Person in the World, and more than I ever thought I should do even to you. — Press me no farther, for I must not, ought not, dare not tell you. —*

At this instant the Post-man brought two Letters, the one directed for her Grandmother, and the other for herself. — She knew the Hand to be *Malvolio's*, and full of Confusion, begg'd *Leander's* Pardon, while she retired to examine the Contents, which she found were these.

Malvolio to his unkind, but ever dear
Dalinda.

“ CAN you pretend that it is con-
 “ sistent either with your Duty or
 “ that Affection you have so much boast-
 “ ed of, to leave me in the manner you
 “ lately did? — Had I as little to-
 “ wards you, I should never have wrote
 “ to you, spoke to you, nor thought of
 “ you more, but with Indignation and
 “ Contempt — I should have left you
 “ to have indulged an ill-placed Pride
 “ and unavailing Resentment; — but
 “ you too well know I love you, and
 “ are resolved to make use of the Power
 “ you have over me, though it be to
 “ the Ruin of yourself as well as me,
 “ — But yet consider, *Dalinda*, con-
 “ sider, before it is too late, what it is
 “ you urge me to — consider it is no
 “ less than the giving up at once all we
 “ have to expect from our Grandmother,
 “ all that I am now possess of in the Right
 “ of *Favilla*, and which you might one
 “ Day

“ Day be Mistress of ; all we are en-
“ titled to hope for at the Decease of
“ others of our Kindred, whom we must
“ never imagine will own us more after
“ the Affair between us is divulg’d —
“ we shall be look’d upon as Aliens to
“ the Family, hated and despised by all
“ our Friends, and become the Town-
“ Talk, and Ridicule to as many as ever
“ heard our Names — yet all this you
“ can submit to bear for the Gratifica-
“ tion of an idle Whim, to enjoy an empty
“ Name — will you be more a Wife
“ when the World knows you are such,
“ than you are while it is kept a Secret ?
“ — True Virtue consists in our own
“ Consciousness of doing well, not in the
“ Opinion of others — it is true, if
“ you live with me as a Mistress, your
“ Reputation may suffer among some
“ People for a time ; but will be clear’d
“ up when our mutual Convenience per-
“ mits us to make known the real Na-
“ ture of our Engagment.

“ Thus far, my dear *Dalinda*, I have
“ appealed to your *Reason*, I come now to

“ your *Love*.———O! if you had but
“ the thousandth Part of that true Ten-
“ derness you have profess’d, and which
“ many of your Sex have testified, you
“ would not hesitate one Moment to be
“ mine, by such Ways as would be most
“ pleasing to me.———How many Wo-
“ men of high Birth, great Fortunes, and
“ fair Reputations too, have lived pub-
“ lickly with a Man without being mar-
“ ried to him! —— they have defied,
“ and set at nought both the Sin and the
“ Shame (if there be any in yielding to
“ the Dictates of Nature) and thought
“ nothing too much to sacrifice to Love,
“ Almighty Love! ——How different is
“ such a Behaviour to that of yours? ——
“ you have indeed affected to be sick,
“ to be half dying through Extremity of
“ Passion, yet what Concessions did this
“ pretended Flame prevail on you to
“ make me? ——none, none ——I have
“ done all for you, you nothing for me,
“ —— you found the Way to work
“ upon my easy Nature —— the Con-
“ dition I saw you in rais’d my Pity, and
“ that

“ that Pity won me at last to do what,
“ if you persist in your present Way
“ of thinking, we shall both have Cause
“ to repent. — I own the Injury I did
“ you in marrying another Woman, but
“ it was an Injury I was excited to do
“ as much in regard to your Interest as
“ my own ; — but whatever was my
“ Crime, I had your Pardon for it, and
“ we have been of late no greater Strangers
“ than before. — Why then this
“ sudden Niceness, why is it so insupport-
“ able to share my *Person* with another,
“ when you are, or ought to be so well
“ convinced you alone are in Possession of
“ my *Heart*, and that I am taking all
“ the Steps that Prudence can direct,
“ to make you entire Mistress of the
“ other also.

“ But you will leave nothing to Time,
“ every thing must be not only how you
“ will, but when you will — and till
“ all you enjoin, however difficult, is
“ accomplished, I must be a Stranger to
“ your Bed, — is this acting in any De-
“ gree up to the Character you are so

“ ambitious of assuming? — Do you
“ call this Manner of treating me a Proof
“ either of your Duty or your Love? —
“ For God’s Sake, give yourself the Trou-
“ ble of reflecting on our past, our pre-
“ sent, and what may be reasonably ex-
“ pected as our future Circumstances, you
“ will then I am sure, find it is your Con-
“ duct, not that of *Malvolio*, deserving
“ the severest Censure — I love you
“ — I need not tell you that I do, —
“ every Action since the Commencement
“ of our secret Intercourse has shewn so,
“ while on your Part, I again repeat it,
“ only Professions have appeared. —
“ O! *Dalinda*, my dear *Dalinda*! why
“ will you thus torment a Man, who
“ might have lived at ease, at least, had
“ you never seemed to love him; — but
“ I will no more upbraid; I hope before
“ this reaches you, a just Sense of your
“ Duty has touched your Heart. —
“ I have ever since you went been inca-
“ pable of travelling, otherwise should
“ have in Form, demanded an Explana-
“ tion of that unbecoming Letter you
“ left

“ left for me, and which I hope you
“ have repented of; but whatever are
“ your Sentiments, let me know them
“ by the Return of the Post, if you yet
“ have any wish to preserve the Af-
“ fection, or Fear of incurring the Dis-
“ pleasure of,

“ *The ill treated*

“ MALVOLIO.”

Dalinda read this long Letter over and over; she paused at every Sentence, — she well weighed the Meaning of each Word. — There was a Time, when the different Turns of Phrase his Artifice had made him use, of alternately menacing and soothing, would have occasioned a wild Fluctuation of Ideas in her Mind. — She would one Moment have been lulled by his Persuasions, the next awed by her Fears of offending him; and that Love, which he still depended on, have wrought her to be every thing he wished, and stifled the very Dictates of that very

Reason, to which he had the Impudence to appeal; but that Time was now no more, ——— the Infatuation she had so long laboured under, was now dissipated by the last Deception he had practised on her, and her Reason in good earnest had Power to operate to the Confusion of all his Schemes to silence and pervert it. ——— She saw into the Baseness of his Meaning, through all the Gloss he had thrown over it, ——— she found he had nothing less at Heart, than to fulfil the thousand Oaths he had made of owning her for his Wife, and only intended to converse with her as a Mistress, while he continued to like her as such; and when he ceased to do so, abandon her entirely.—she doubted not however, but that his present Inclinations towards her were vehement, and was therefore convinced, that to persist in refusing the Gratification of his amorous Desires, was the only probable way either of obliging him to do her Justice, or punishing his Deceit. ——— To put him out of all Expectation

tation of imposing farther on her, she returned him this Answer.

“ *Dalinda to Malvolio,*

“ **I** Received yours, and am sorry to
“ find you have employed so many
“ Words to so little Purpose, —— the
“ various and fictitious Positions you have
“ advanced, serve only to shew the Baseness
“ of your Heart, and to confirm
“ that Resolution my last acquainted you
“ with, —— it is not to me, but to the
“ World you must appeal——I desire
“ no farther Correspondence with you,
“ nor shall answer any future Letter you
“ may send. —— You have but one
“ Method to take, and that you know,
“ which can entitle you to demand, or
“ give you room to expect any Proofs
“ either of the Love or Obedience of

“ *the already too much deceived*

“ **DALINDA.**”

By

By this the Reader will perceive the Situation of *Dalinda's* Heart ; all those Emotions of Hope, and Fear, of Joy and Grief, she had so strongly experienced on *Malvolio's* Account, were now subsided ; she was in a Calm which might be called an Inactivity of Mind,—she considered indeed, that though a Villain, he was her Husband, therefore thought it her Duty to wish to live with him as such, and therefore endeavoured not to extirpate so much in her all the Affection she once had for him, as to leave an Indifference, some Remains of Tenderness being necessary to enable her to behave towards him as become a Wife, in case he should at last vouchsafe to acknowledge her such.

As for *Leander*, it is utterly impossible to give any Description of that confused Condition his Mind was in, since the above related Exclamation *Dalinda* had made in his Presence.—*Did she not tell me*, said he to himself, *that Malvolio was a Villain,——that he had abused her in the most egregious Manner!——yet*
did

did she not add, that while he lived, she never could be mine! ——— what can I think! ——— she cannot be married to him, ——— his wedding another in the Face of the World, renders such a Supposition absurd, ——— his Courtship to Flavilla, continued for some Time. — This Union was not a Thing buddled up, or in the Dark, ——— had Dalinda been his Wife, she might easily have put a Stop to it, ——— no, no, it cannot be, ——— some Engagements may have been entered into between them, but no Marriage; ——— yet, after breaking those Engagements, said he again, how could she bear the Sight of him? ——— How was it consistent with her Virtue or her Pride, to behave to him in the Manner my Sister related? Would she not rather have shunned, have detested him, ——— but then, proceeded he in this Soliloquy, had she been all this Time the Victim of his looser Moments, his Mistress, would she now all at once complain he had abused her, ——— would she say that while he lived she could not be mine, ——— would she not rather be silent in the Affair? and would she not—
rather

rather embrace an Opportunity of marrying to her Advantage? ——— that she has loved this Malvolio, I have had ocular Demonstration, ——— that she still loves him, I have Reason to assure myself; but how, or in what Manner is a Riddle past my Comprehension.

As he had frequent Opportunities of being alone with her, whenever he was at her Grandmother's, that Lady very much encouraging his Addresses, he spared nothing which he thought might prevail on her to unravel what seemed to him so great a Mystery. ——— *If I must no longer hope to obtain the Happiness I aimed at, said he, permit me at least, that of being your Friend; ——— be assured whatever Secret you repose in me shall be safe as in your own Breast, ——— and if my Advice, or any other Assistance in my Power, can any Way contribute to extricate you out of the Perplexities you seem involved in, I shall not think myself wholly miserable.*

She thanked him, told him her Affairs were now, in all Appearance, at a Crisis; but

but not yet ripe for a Discovery — that it was very probable she might shortly stand in need of such a Friend; but whether that were the Case or not, he might depend on being the first Person upon Earth to whom she would reveal the Secret of her Misfortunes.

This was all he could get out of her during this Visit, but he was far from despairing of obtaining one Day the Confidence he desired, because she entreated at parting, that he would see her again in a short Time; and assured him, that though she could not receive the Offers of his Love, she should always prize his Friendship, as the greatest Blessing and Consolation of her Life.

Malvolio, in the mean Time, who had caused these Misfortunes to two People, who might otherwise have been extremely happy, was himself not free from Inquietudes equal to theirs. — He began now to be apprehensive that as his Passion encreased for *Dalinda*, hers abated towards him; — it was Death to him to think of giving up *Flavilla's* Estate,
and

and at the same time proclaiming himself a Villain; yet to be totally deprived of the Enjoyment of *Dalinda*, seemed yet more grievous to him. — Divided between these different Propensities, never Heart endured Conflict more severe — the amorous Inclination he was now inflamed with, was certainly inflicted on him for a Curse; for could he have maintained the same Indifference for his first Wife, as he had when he married his second, that unhappy Lady had alone been wretched; but the Professions and Vows he made to her in order to obtain a Reconciliation, and the Dictates of his Avarice forbidding him to fulfil any Part of them, dissipating all the Tenderneſs ſhe had once for him, and firing her with juſt Reſentment, drew on him all the Diſgrace, Trouble, and Confuſion, he afterwards met with, and which it muſt be acknowledged he deſerved.

The Perplexities of his Mind, it is likely, prolonged the Diſtemper of his Body — the Gout held him for near fix Weeks cloſe Priſoner to his Chamber; but

but on its first Abatement he quitted *London*, full of Impatience to hear what *Dalinda* would say, and till then unable to resolve within himself, which Party of the two above-mentioned he should take.

On his coming home, he was told *Dalinda* was at that Time at the House of *Adarno* her eldest Brother, who he had heard before was gone to reside at his Estate. — This *Malvolio* was not at all sorry for, because he thought it would be less possible for *Dalinda* to avoid speaking to him in private, in case she persisted in her Resolution to do so, than it would have been at their Grandmother's.

He went there, as he imagined in a lucky Moment for his Designs; *Adarno* was abroad, and *Dalinda* could not without giving some Suspicion to the Servants, refuse seeing and entertaining so near a Kinsman, and who came to visit her Brother; but he soon found by the Coldness of her Reception, how unwelcome his Presence was, and the Constraint she put on herself to use him civilly before the Family.

Family. As soon as they were alone, he began to complain in the most bitter Terms of her late Behaviour, which she returned with Reproaches on his in such a Manner, as soon shewed him she was no longer capable of being terrified by his Frowns, nor soothed by his Endearments — by Turns he had recourse to both; but the one she returned with a becoming Spirit, the other she rejected with Disdain.

He made her an Offer of turning as much of his Estate as was not settled on *Flavilla* into Money, and going abroad with her, where he was ready to own her as his Wife; but this was a Proposal to which she would give no Ear. — She kept fixed to her former Demand of being acknowledged, and living with him as his first and lawful Wife in *England*, which after many Arguments he at last consented to, and promised to do in a Month's Time.

He told her that he would break the Matter first to her Brothers, and have their Advice how to proceed; — that he would

would make an Invitation to them all three, to his own House, send *Flavilla* to her Mother's during the Time they staid, and entirely put himself under their Direction, as to the Course it would be best for him to take, in order to do her the Justice she required; in which she assured him, that in the fulfilling this Promise, she would endeavour to forget all past Injuries, and make him as good a Wife as was in her Power. — And this was all he could obtain from her, for though he put in Practice every Artifice he was Master of, for whether he acted the Part of the *dying Lover*, prayed, wept, flattered, knelt; or that of the *arbitrary Husband*, and commanded, threatned, and even attempted to force her to the Compliance of a Wife, she was equally unmoved. — This Reconciliation was not like the former, nor could his Passion receive any other Gratification, than two or three Kisses from her Lips, which he in a Manner ravished from her.

Dalinda, who intended not to make a long Visit to her Brother, took her Leave
and

and returned to her Grandmother's, while *Malvolio* was there. — During his stay he appointed *Adarno* to come to his House, and told him, he would get both his Brothers there; which she afterwards being informed of, began to think he would at length be just to his Engagements. — It is possible indeed, that at that Time he might design to be so; but so wavering were his Resolutions in this Point, that he knew not himself scarce two Hours together what he would do.

Leander still continued his Visits, though not as the Lover, but as the Friend; — whenever he had an Opportunity of speaking to *Dalinda* in private, was to assure her he would ever be so, even at the Expence of his Life and Fortune. — She could not avoid being charmed with so uncommon a Generosity, and could scarce keep herself from rewarding it, by letting him into the whole Secret of her Affairs; but the Promise she had made, yet tied her Tongue, and she contented herself with telling him, that *Malvolio* had promised to do her Justice within a Month; which

which Promise, if he did not keep, she should have need of his Advice, and should think herself at liberty to entreat it.

Some Time after this, the two younger Brothers of *Dalinda*, called at their Grandmother's, and said they were going to their Cousin *Malvolio*'s upon a special Invitation, where they also heard *Adarno* was to meet them. ——— This made her think that there was a Possibility, an Explanation of her Affairs would now be brought upon the Carpet; therefore desired that they would see her again as they came back, which they promised they would, and accordingly in about ten Days returned. ——— She trembled in receiving them after this Visit, not knowing how they would relish the Discovery she supposed had been made to them; but perceiving not the least Alteration in their Countenances, or Behaviour, she grew more assured, and asked them, how they had past their Time at her Cousin's. ——— They told her in feasting, carousing, and taking such Diversions as the Season permitted. ——— *What*, said she, very much moved,

moved, *was there no Business talked of?* — *No*, replied *Phillanio*, *the Meeting was meerly upon Pleasure.* — *No mention of me?* cryed she. — *No otherwise than to drink your Health*, said the other; *but what makes you so inquisitive?* — *I have my Reason*, returned she, *but they are to myself.* *Phillanio* pressed her to reveal them; on which she at last replied, that *Malvolio* and she were not on very good Terms, and she imagined, that he might have spoke something of it to them — but added she, *the Thing is of no Consequence*; and turned the Discourse with a good deal of seeming Indifference, though at that Time her Heart was ready to burst with Spite at the ill Treatment of *Malvolio*.

Leander, who had impatiently waited the Expiration of the Month, came there again; the two Brothers were not gone, and *Dalinda* had just received a Letter from *Malvolio*, which instead of abating, very much heightened her Indignation against him. The Contents were as follow;

“ *Mal-*

Malvolio to Dalinda.

“ Dear Dalinda,

“ **I** Have had all your Brothers with
“ me ; which I suppose you know,
“ because two of them told me you had
“ engaged them to call at my Grand-
“ mother’s in their Return — you are,
“ perhaps, surprized they made no men-
“ tion to you of any Discourse we had
“ concerning you — indeed it was my
“ full Intent, when I gave them the In-
“ vitation, to have laid open to them the
“ whole Matter, but have deferred it on
“ a Motive which I dare say, you are too
“ good a *Christian* to blame me for ad-
“ hering to—*Flavilla* is now very near her
“ time, and that *Eclaircissement* which must
“ soon have followed my declaring our
“ Marriage to my Cousins, would cer-
“ tainly have killed her, which though
“ I wish her Death, I could never for-
“ give myself for being accessory to—
“ it was only the Fears of this, which
“ coming suddenly into my Head, de-

L

“ terred

“ terred me from speaking ; but I hope
“ you will not imagine I have laid aside
“ my Resolution for having delayed it—
“ you are as dear to me as ever, and more
“ dear than Words can express, I would
“ suffer any thing to make you easy ;
“ but you return the Fondness of my
“ Soul, in a manner I once thought it im-
“ possible for you to be guilty of —
“ for Heaven’s Sake, what is become of
“ all that Love you have made such strong
“ Professions of, that you can see me dis-
“ tracted, tortured with Desires, which
“ allow me no Rest, neither by Night,
“ nor Day ? —— Where is your Justice,
“ nay your Virtue fled, that while you
“ expect me to undergo the loss of Fame
“ and Fortune to prove myself your Hus-
“ band, you deny me the Privilege of
“ a Husband, and think yourself under
“ no Obligation to behave to me, either
“ with Tenderness or Obedience. ——
“ You say you desire no farther Corres-
“ pondence with me, till the Task you
“ have enjoined is accomplished, yet I
“ cannot keep myself from writing to
“ you

“ you, did ever Man but me give such
“ a Proof of his Affection ——— I
“ wish to God you had more Generosity
“ and Gratitude in your Composition,
“ or I had less of Love in mine ; but I
“ still hope, now Pride has sufficiently
“ exerted itself, Duty will take its Turn
“ to influence you, and that I shall find
“ you more complying when I see you
“ next ——— I am going to-morrow on
“ a Visit, whence I shall not return in
“ some Days, soon after that will wait
“ upon our Grandmother, and desire you
“ will reflect in the mean time, what is
“ owing from you, to

“ *Your passionately affectionate*

“ MALVOLIO.”

Dalinda easily seeing through this Pretence, thought she had now no longer any Measures to keep with a Man who studied nothing from time to time, but to beguile and amuse her ; she therefore took the first Opportunity of relating to *Lean-*

der, all that had passed between her and this perfidious Husband, from their first reading the Marriage Service together in her Chamber, and the more complete Performance of that Ceremony afterwards at the *Fleet*. — Nothing could exceed the Astonishment he was in at hearing so monstrous a Piece of Villany. — After having paused upon it a little, he advis'd her to make all her Brothers acquainted with it, and consult with them, what Course it was best for her to take — to which she readily agreed, only beg'd the Story might be told them by him, as coming from her, and revealed to him in order to oblige him to desist from his Addresses — she also added, that when the two younger, who were then in the House were let into the Secret, they would infallibly go immediately to *Adarno* with the Discovery.

Leander approved of what she said, but they both were of Opinion, the Grandmother should be kept in the dark as long as possible, not only as the Knowledge of it might have a fatal Effect on a Woman of her Age ; but also, that being naturally

rally fiery, she might break into Excesses, that would, by alarming *Malvolio*, put him upon his Guard against whatever Steps they might take to oblige him to be just.

It would be needless to go about to make any Description of the Shock, which so surprizing an Account gave to these two young Gentleman. ——— *Phillanio* was for sending a Challenge immediately to his wicked Cousin, and obliging him to answer on the Point of his Sword, the Injury he had done their Sister; but the other was more calm, though not less resentful, and his Persuasions, together with those of *Leander*, brought him to more Moderation. On debating what was to be done, every one was of Opinion, that the first thing was to prove the Marriage; but *Dalinda* informing them that it was not registered, made them all see that the Intention of *Malvolio*, from the very beginning, was to betray and deceive her unsuspecting Innocence ——— she related to them in full, how he had seduced her to go to *London*, in order, as he said, to get a Certificate, and that

when they came there, had pretended the Clergyman who had married them, was gone beyond Sea. ——— *But*, added she, *I believe nothing of it, and cannot help thinking, that if I went to the Fleet myself, I should be able to find him; I am sure it would be very easy to know him, as he is a very particular Person, and I took so much notice of the House and Room, in spite of the Obscurity, that I should be able to swear to it, if I once saw it again.*

After some few Arguments, *pro* and *con* on the Question, *Leander* gave into the Opinion of *Dalinda*, and they both agreed to go with their Sister; *Leander* offered also to be one of the Party, and they readily accepting it, the Week following they set out in the Stage-Coach, telling their Grandmother they were only going to give their Sister some of the Town Diversions. Nor did they think it proper to acquaint even *Adarno* with any thing till they came back, not only as such an Information was at that time unnecessary, but might even be prejudicial, as it was likely, if he should happen
to

to see *Malvolio*, he would not be able to refrain behaving to him in a manner, which if he did not plainly tell him, might give him Cause of Suspicion what Business they were gone upon, and he might then take some Measures to get the Person out of the way in good Earnest.

It must be acknowledged this was the most prudent Step that could be ; but Fate decreed a Disappointment, which they were not aware of. — They all went together, *Dalinda*, her two Brothers, and *Leander*, which last took upon him to be their Conductor. — They went into several Houses, and desired to see a Parson — several were brought, but the young Lady was very certain none of them was the Person she wanted — at length, they came into a mean looking House, the worst, indeed, they had entered : *Dalinda* presently thought that was the Place, and desired to go up two Pair of Stairs, which being granted, she was positive as to the Room and Furniture, which, on the Score of its Wretchedness, she had taken particular Notice of —

she then described the Clergyman, who by the Tokens she gave of him, the Landlord immediately knew to be one who had lodged there, and died ten Days past. This was a Thunder-Stroke to them all ——— what could they now do? ———

Dalinda said, there was a Woman who officiated as Clerk, and asked, if she could not be produced; to which the Landlord replied, that he had known her very well, that she had formerly lived with the Clergyman in question, as a Servant, and was used to perform the Office of Clerk, which Fee was in lieu of Wages; but that on some drunken Quarrel, she had left her Master long before his Decease, and no one in that Precinct he was sure knew what was become of her.

Thus all Things conspired to elude any Proof of *Dalinda's* Marriage; but instead of what they sought, another Discovery, little suspected by any of them, presented itself ——— *Leander* took it into his Head, that *Malvolio* might have this Marriage registered unknown to *Dalinda*, in order that he might have it in his power to

to prove himself her Husband, in case any Accident should hereafter render him desirous of doing so. — In this Imagination, he called for the Books, but on the strictest Search, nothing of what he wanted could be found; but in its room, met a Discovery which surprized them all — the Name of *Malvolio* with that of a Woman, whom *Dalinda* had often heard him mention as a former Mistress of his, registered, with the Day and Year in which they were married.

Dalinda, her Brothers, and *Leander*, looked all on one another, scarce able to believe their Eyes had not deceived them in the Legend before them — they read it again, and again, before they could be assured it was so — at length convinced, they left the *Fleet*, and adjourn'd to *Dalinda's* Lodgings, there to consult what was to be done.

This Marriage was celebrated soon after *Malvolio's* Arrival in *England*, several Months previous to that with *Dalinda*; she could therefore no longer think herself his lawful Wife, as there was a prior

Claim, which gave no small Satisfaction to *Leander*, thought he would not at that time take Notice of it. — It was, however, though proper by all of them, that the least Hint should not be taken of this Discovery, but that *Dalinda* should go on as she had begun, to insist on his owning her for his Wife, and in case he continued to refuse, that the Brothers should threaten him with a Prosecution, unless he made over to *Dalinda*, in recompence for the Injury he had done her, that Estate which was to descend to him on the Decease of their Grandmother. — This she told them, he had promised to do on the first Knowledge of his Marriage with *Flavilla*, and doubted not, but when he should find the thing was known in the Family, he would be glad to do it, in order to prevent incurring the Penalty the Law inflicts on Bigamy.

Having nothing farther to transact in *London*, they all returned into the Country, not dissatisfied with the Journey they had taken, though disappointed in the main Point they came about.

Malvolio,

Malvolio, during the time of their Absence, had endured most terrible Discontents ; he was sometimes in Apprehensions that *Dalinda* had confessed all to her Brothers, and not far from guessing the Errand on which they were gone ; but as he knew they could prove nothing, and had always resolved to deny every thing, this gave him not so much Pain as to hear *Leander* was of their Company. — Rage and the most violent Jealousy now inflamed his Soul ——— the late Coldness and resolute Opposition *Dalinda* had made to his Wishes, half assured him that her Affection was alienated in Favour of that Gentleman ; and the bare Probability that another might one Day enjoy what was denied to him, rack'd him with incessant Agonies. ——— He now by Experience knew what that abused Lady had endured for him, Excess of Love, of Jealousy and Despair. — Just was the Punishment, nor could one more adequate to his Crime have been inflicted on him. — The good old Poet *Mr. Drayton*, in speaking of Jealousy gives it this Character,

*Each poisonous Passion to which Wit gives
Name,*

Are all sum'd up in Jealousy's strong Flame:

Fear, Envy, fell Revenge and burning Spite,

Their several Hell-inspir'd Powers unite,

*To banish Reason, Virtue, Peace, and all
that's right.*

He no sooner heard they were return'd than he went to his Grandmother's, and had not the Mortification of seeing *Leander*; he had taken Leave of the old Lady the Day before, and was gone with the two young Gentlemen to their elder Brother's Seat ——— *Dalinda* avoided speaking to him alone, with so much Care, that he had not the least Opportunity of expressing his Sentiments to her, which at that time had no small Share of Indignation in them; but she saw by the Looks he sometimes darted on her, that his Heart was full of Spite. ——— *Flavilla* was just before brought to Bed of her second Child, which being soon to be baptized, Decency would not permit him to

be from Home ——— as he could not therefore stay long, and found no Possibility of talking with *Dalinda*, he sat up in his Chamber one Night, and wrote her the following Epistle.

“ *Malvolio to Dalinda.*

“ **I** Find the Grief you have complain’d
“ of, for what you call the Errors
“ of my Conduct, is easily consoled : It
“ is indeed much of a Piece with the
“ Love you have professed, easy to give
“ way to the next Passion that presents
“ itself — *Leander* has doubtless found
“ the means in Town to make you forget
“ all that pleas’d or pain’d you in
“ the Country ——— I do not upbraid,
“ but pity the Inconstancy of your Nature
“ ——— I might add, the Perverseness
“ and Capriciousness of it also ; since,
“ while you were indifferent to me, I had
“ more Proofs of your Love than either
“ I expected, or desired ; but now you
“ have by your Artifices drawn me in to
“ feel a real Inclination for you, you trans-
“ fer

“ fer all the Stock of yours to another
“ ——— what can I think, but that you
“ take a Pride in making yourself and
“ others miserable ——— I would to
“ God I had never feen you, or you had
“ never taken it into your Head to love
“ me ——— what a Sea of Vexations has
“ your fatal Passion involved me in ———
“ I would fain know, what it is you mean
“ by treating me as you have done of
“ late — if ever you think to live with
“ me, I should imagine you must tremble
“ to reflect how well I may remember,
“ and return it ——— but, perhaps, you
“ design to quit me, and marry *Lean-*
“ *der* ——— if so, methinks you ought
“ to ask my leave. ——— In fine, you
“ are the most inconsistent Creature I
“ ever knew in my Life ——— there is no
“ forming any certain Judgment of you
“ ——— but I would not have you pro-
“ voke me too far ——— my Reason may
“ in time get the better of my Love, and
“ all your Tears, and pretended Tender-
“ nefs, will then have no Effect on me.
“ ——— let me have an Answer, a plain,

“ an honest Answer, what I am to de-
“ pend on from you, for I can no longer
“ bear this playing at fast and loose with
“ me.

“ *Yours,*

“ *As I shall find you deserve,*

“ MALVOLIO.”

This he threw into her Lap one Day when their Grandmother happened to be standing with her Back towards them; *Dalinda* put it into her Pocket, and soon after went into her Chamber to read it.

— It would have seemed pretty odd to her to find herself reproached in this manner, by a Man who merited nothing but Reproaches from her, and whose whole Behaviour towards her, had been one continued Scene of Perfidiousness and Deceit; his Writing thus, I say, must therefore have extremely surprized her, had she not been so much innured to his Evasions, and artful turning the Blame of his own bad
Actions

Actions directly, or indirectly upon her Conduct. — She was some time in Debate within herself, whether she should answer it or not; but at last resolved to do it in this manner.

“ *Dalinda to Malvolio.*

“ **M**Y last inform’d you, I thought
 “ it improper to hold any sort
 “ of Correspondence with you, while in
 “ the terms we are at present —
 “ however, I have now two Reasons
 “ which oblige me to write — the one
 “ is, least you should imagine I am any
 “ way intimidated by your Menaces of
 “ future Resentment, which could only
 “ have any Awe over me, while I thought
 “ you an honest Man — the second
 “ is to let you know, I have done with
 “ all Expectations, and Desires too, of
 “ ever living with you as a Wife; and
 “ shall therefore now accept the Offer you
 “ once made me of my Grandmother’s
 “ Estate — in part of Attonement,
 “ for those irreparable Injuries you have
 “ done.

“ done me — that once settled, and
“ made firm to me by a Deed of Gift,
“ I shall cease any farther Claims upon
“ you, and release you from all Engage-
“ ments, as well as to bury in an eter-
“ nal Silence, the thousand Deceptions
“ you have practised on me — as to
“ my marrying with *Leander*, or any
“ other Person, it ought to give you no
“ manner of Concern, any more than any
“ thing else hereafter, relating to

“ DALINDA.”

She did not put this into his Hands till he was just going, so he had no Opportunity of answering it till after he got home, which he did in four or five Days — He wrote in these Terms :

Malvolio to the inconstant and self-interested *Dalinda*.

“ *Ungrateful Woman,*

“ DID you not tremble when Writ-
“ ing those few stupid and most
“ impu-

“ impudent Lines I last received from
“ you? — What Fiend has taken Possession of your Mind, that could dictate
“ Expressions so little becoming your Character to one of mine — am I to
“ be plundered by you as well as ill
“ used? — Wicked, silly Supposition!
“ — Do you think your Claim, as you
“ call it, of such mighty Consequence,
“ that to bribe you to relinquish it, I
“ shall deprive myself, and rob my Children of so considerable a Part of my
“ Estate — the Engagements between
“ us are only such as I please to make
“ them — you have nothing in your
“ Power — I have all in mine; and that
“ you ought to know — besides the Law
“ will tell you, that a Contract between
“ two Persons cannot be dissolved without the mutual Consent of both —
“ you cannot release me, nor I you, unless each of us agree, and that I have
“ not yet done, nor, perhaps, ever will
“ — my whole Thoughts were taken up
“ with the means of making you happy,
“ which you then said, nothing could
“ do

“ do but the living publickly with me,
“ though it seems you are now of a dif-
“ ferent way of thinking —— it is pos-
“ sible, however, I may persevere in mine,
“ and do that for your Mortification,
“ which I once resolved to do for your
“ Felicity. —— No, no, *Dalinda*, I
“ shall not resign you to *Leander*, much
“ less give you my Estate as a Portion
“ for him ; and if either he or you flat-
“ ter yourselves with any such Notions,
“ you will find them all Chimeras. ——
“ Return, therefore, to your Duty ; re-
“ turn to that Affection which alone can
“ make you happy —— I love you
“ still well enough to forgive all that’s
“ past —— but do not tempt me be-
“ yond the Bearing of a *Lover* —— you
“ have already beyond that of a *Husband*,
“ —— O ! *Dalinda*, my Reason must
“ condemn you, though my Love ex-
“ cuses you —— I yet hope you will
“ repent, and that this Tenderneſs in me
“ will reclaim you, and make you blush
“ at your late Folly —— I will give it
“ no worse a Name, for I would fain
“ flatter

“ flatter myself you are virtuous in fact,
 “ and have given no Encouragement to
 “ the Addressees of *Leander* ——— write
 “ to me soon, and assure me that you
 “ have not ——— tell me that you still
 “ are mine, inviolably mine ——— let
 “ your Pen flow with the same enchant-
 “ ing Softness, with which your Tongue
 “ a thousand and a thousand times has
 “ sooth’d my fond believing Heart. —
 “ Dally no longer with my Passion, think
 “ not to oblige me to do any thing you
 “ wish by Haughtiness, and ill-timed
 “ Pride. ——— Cherish the kind Senti-
 “ ments I yet have for you, be happy
 “ yourself, and make him so, who in spite
 “ of all your ill Treatment, is yet, and
 “ desires to continue,

“ Yours,

“ MALVOLIO.”

All this was far from having the Ef-
 fect he wished it should on *Dalinda*, con-
 vinced in the most full manner that Wo-
 man

man could be of his Perfidiousness, the Passion she once had for him was turn'd into perfect Hate, and it is a certain Truth, as Mr. *Dryden* observes,

To Love once past we cannot backward move.

I believe no one, whoever has truly loved, and been deceived, ever loved the same Object twice — the Passion once extinguish'd is never to be re-kindled, and all Attempts to do it are ineffectual. —

Dalinda, indeed, of all others, had been least excusable, knowing what she did of *Malvolio*, could she have look'd upon him as any other than a common Betrayer, a Man who took a Pride in deceiving and betraying her Sex, and who regarded no Woman farther than the Gratification of his loose Desires — she was, however, a little puzzled how to answer this Letter, and thought it would be proper to have some Advice — on whom could she more depend upon than on *Leander*! — she sent for him to come, he joyfully obeyed the Summons,

mons, and she shewed him both the Epistles she had received from *Malvolio*, and a Copy of the Answer she had given to the first. — When he had well weighed the Purport of them — *I am glad, Madam*, said he, *to find he imagines my Courtship to you is still going on, and that you did not in yours discourage that Opinion; his Jealousy may compel him to do you Justice, which, as we know can be no otherwise than by giving you up the Estate you have so prudently demanded — to secure you to himself he may comply, and when once the Deed is made, you have it in your Power to shew him the little Claim he has over you, by producing the Copy of the Register of his first Marriage.*

Your Sentiments agree with mine, replied she, *but I am at a loss how to behave so as to work him up to the pitch I aim at.* — She then entreated *Leander* would write such a Letter as he should think would be most conducive for her Purpose, and she would transcribe, and send it to him; *Leander* was more pleased with this Request than he made shew of, and
having

having taken all the Letters, and a Pen and Ink with him to his Chamber, when he went to Bed, presented them to her the next Morning with the Answer he had wrote for her. *I have obeyed your Commands, Madam, said he, in the best Manner I am able, and you alter as you shall judge necessary.* — She replied with a Smile, that she employed him, but because she thought him better qualified than herself. — What he had wrote was as follows ;

Dalinda to Malvolio.

“ **M**Y Conscience accuses me neither
“ of Ingratitude, nor any kind
“ of Wickedness, in expecting and de-
“ siring some sort of Reparation for my
“ Wrongs, and I know of none in your
“ Power to make but this, which you
“ once offered, and I now insist upon. —
“ I never told you or any one else, that
“ I would marry *Leander*, nor have given
“ that Gentleman any room to believe it
“ himself ; so your Suspicions of that
“ kind

“ kind are equally vague as unjust.
“ ———I do not wish to rob your inno-
“ cent Children, you have sufficient for
“ them without that, and it may prosper
“ better with them, than if joined to what
“ in Justice is the Right of another ;
“ besides, I never was ungenerous, and
“ perhaps it might reverberate to them at
“ my Decease ; however, I will have it in
“ my Power to dispose of it as I shall
“ think proper. ——— You reproach me
“ with Inconstancy ; but that is of a Piece
“ with the other Injuries I have received
“ from you.——Inconstancy, according
“ to my Understanding of the Word, is
“ when a Heart transmits its Affection
“ from one Object to another, which I
“ defy you to prove is my Case.——I
“ have loved you, you very well know ;
“ if I cease to do so, the Fault is wholly
“ your own ; and I need not tell you,
“ it was not till after a long Train of
“ Deceits, Perjuries, and Impositions,
“ that my Reason at length roused itself,
“ to throw off that Softness by which I
“ had so long continued the Dupe of your
“ De-

“ Designs. — I now, thank Heaven,
“ see through them all, — I see you
“ would keep *Flavilla* as your Wife, be-
“ cause you can by no other Claim keep
“ her Estate ; and you would keep me
“ as the Vassal of your Pleasures, be-
“ cause you happen to think I can con-
“ tribute to them ; — but I have al-
“ ready told you, that you must quit
“ either the one or the other, and that
“ you cannot quit me without a suitable
“ Attonement for the Miseries you have
“ involved me in. — Think therefore,
“ what you have to do, for though you
“ seem to despise any Claim I have upon
“ you, yet I believe you will find my
“ Oath, corroborated by a thousand Cir-
“ cumstances, besides some Letters under
“ your own Hand, which I was not Fool
“ enough to burn, will be sufficient to
“ prove you have been a Villain both to
“ myself and *Flavilla* ; and to oblige you
“ to give up that Lady’s Fortune, which
“ is much more considerable than what I
“ demand for permitting you to enjoy
“ in quiet both that and her. — I have

M

“ nothing

242 D A L I N D A : or,

“ nothing to fear from your asserting the
“ Authority of a Husband, since the same
“ Law which gives you Power over me,
“ will also defend me from any Abuse,
“ you might attempt to make of it ;
“ but you have your Reputation, your
“ Fortune, and even your Life at Stake,
“ whenever I prove myself, as I doubt
“ not to be able to do,

“ *Your much wronged and*

“ *long suffering Wife,*

“ D A L I N D A.”

This was highly approved of by *Dalinda* ; she wrote it over, and sent it away directly. — *Leander* stayed some time expecting that some Answer would arrive from *Malvolio* ; and his Advice might still be needful ; but several Days being elapsed without hearing any thing from him, he was beginning to think of returning, when *Phillanio* came in a great hurry ; he had rode cross the Country,

on purpose to tell his Sister (for he knew not *Leander* was there) that *Malvolio* had sent a special Messenger to him, with a Letter, desiring he would come to his House with all possible Expedition, for he had a Business of the utmost Consequence to impart to him. — *And*, said this young Gentleman, *as I don't know how you have proceeded since I left you; and could not be certain, but you might have let him know you had acquainted me with the Affair between you, and that he wanted to talk with me upon the Subject; I thought proper to see you first, and take Instructions what to do, in case that be the Business he has to impart.*

Dalinda thanked him for the Precaution he had taken, but assured him nothing had been done farther than was agreed between them ——— it came, however, into *Leander's* Head, that *Malvolio*, finding she was not to be moved, and perhaps, imagining that all Things on her Side were preparing for an Ecclaircissement, had formed a Design to attempt to get *Philanio* of his Side, and by telling his Story

prepossess him so far, as to render him incapable of giving Credit to what his Sister should say. — This seemed the more likely, as he had not answered her Letter, and also as there had always been the greatest Intimacy between him and *Phillanio*, of any of the Brothers.

This Conjecture of *Leander's* seemed very probable to *Dalinda*, and they both enjoined *Phillanio*, that whatever the other should say, or how monstrously soever he should villify her, neither to fly into any Passion, nor take the least Notice that he had ever heard any Complaints from his Sister on his Score; but to listen patiently, and well observe what he said, to the end they might take their Measures accordingly.

Phillanio promised he would appear entirely passive; but withal, assured them, that even to treat this injurious Kinsman with any shew of Civility, was the most difficult Task he ever undertook in his whole Life. — *I will however*, said he, *since I find there is a Necessity for it, endeavour to play the Politician for once, and*
do

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do not much fear, but I shall do it as *well*
as if I had been bred at Court — as
Shakespear says,

*I'll cry Content, to that which galls my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
While my Blood boils, and gushes to be at him.*

Being fully tutored by them in all he was to say, in case he was sent for on the Score they imagined, he went to *Malvolio*, who had waited for him with the utmost Impatience. That equally wicked and unfortunate Man, found himself reduced by the Courage and Resolution of *Dalinda* to the most terrible Dilemma that could be, — he must either confess his double Marriage, proclaim himself a Villain, and resign *Flavilla's* Estate, or give up the Reversion of that which was to descend to him at the Death of his Grandmother, either of which he could not support the Thoughts of. — After revolving a thousand Stratagems in his Head, he at last hit upon one which flattered him with Success; — his great Intimacy with *Phil-*

lanio, made him look on him as a Person, who might be prevailed upon to become his Agent, and therefore thought every Moment tedious till he should arrive.

After a thousand Professions of Friendship, he told him he had a Secret to communicate to him, and a Favour to entreat of him, on the grant of which, more than his Life, his everlasting Peace of Mind, and future Happiness depended. — *You must therefore promise me*, said he, *that you will agree to what I shall propose.* — *You must excuse me*, replied Phillanio, pretty hastily, *I cannot give you my Word beforehand; but, Cousin, as I hope you would require nothing of me unbefitting me to undertake, you may be certain I shall not refuse to do any friendly Office.*

Know then, my dear Phillanio, said Malvolio with a Sigh, *that I love your Sister Dalinda, — that she loves me, — our mutual Affection has the Date of many Years; — she was my first, and I am sure, will be the last Object of my Affection, tho' the Importunities of Lord ****, my Grandmother, and my own unhappy Circumstances*
drove

drove me into a Marriage with Flavilla, — a Woman whom I never either loved, nor liked, and whose Ill-nature has now made her detestable to me ; — there is no Way to get rid of her, but by a Divorce, which you know cannot be obtained without a Proof of Adultery. — What I request of you is, that you will some Night while you are here, go to Bed to her in my Room, — we will sit up late, and when she is asleep, you may go safely between the Sheets, and I will presently rush into the Chamber with a Servant or two for Witnesses ; — I shall then have the Law on my Side, and when once a free Man, will directly marry your Sister.

Phillanio had much ado to forbear interrupting him, with some Expressions of the Horror he conceived at so great a Piece of Villainy ; but as soon as he had ended, did it in Terms, which shewed no Arguments should ever win him to become an Accomplice. — *Malvolio* at first, affected to rally him on his scrupulous Virtue, which would not suffer him to go to Bed to a Woman not yet four and twenty,

and though she was not his Taste, could not be called ugly ; but finding he relished this Pleasantry very ill, told him more seriously, that he thought he had little Regard for his Sister's Happiness, when he refused doing any thing to contribute towards it ; to which the other replied, *I know nothing of what is between my Sister and you ; but I know this, that I will never be guilty of any thing injurious to my own Honour to repair hers..*

This young Gentleman was so much incensed at the Proposal made to him, that he would have gone away that same Night, and it was not without great Difficulty, *Malvolio* perswaded him to stay even till the next Morning. — Before they parted, he could not forbear repeating some of the same Arguments he had made use of the preceding Day in hope of still bringing *Phillanio* to consent ; but that young Gentleman, being Proof against all he could urge, *well Cousin*, said the other, *your Refusal to join in this Design, may occasion a more tragical Event. — I cannot live with Flavilla, or without Dalinda*

linda. ——— *Necessity*, continued he, with somewhat of Horror in his Looks, *Dire, invincible Necessity, excuses all Things.*

Phillanio made no answer to these Words ; but being told his Horse was ready, immediately mounted, and only bidding *Malvolio* farewell, made all the speed he could to his Grandmother's, where he found *Leander* waiting his Return, ——— nothing could be more surprising both to that Gentleman and *Dalinda*, than the Recital *Phillanio* made them of *Malvolio's* Proposal to him ; but they were struck with a yet greater Consternation, when the next Day she received a Letter from him containing these Lines.

Malvolio to Dalinda.

“ Dear *Dalinda*,

“ **T**HE Assurance your last gave
“ me that you would reject the
“ Addresses of *Leander*, has given me
“ as much Satisfaction as I can be capable
“ of in my present Situation. ——— My

M 5

“ Brain

“ Brain is Night and Day at work for
“ the Means of being reunited to you
“ to part no more ; and had *Phillanio* had
“ the true Affection of a Brother for you,
“ it might soon have been accomplished ;
“ but though he has at present discon-
“ certed my Measures, be assured I shall
“ find others ——— for, O ! my Dear,
“ I neither can, nor will live without you,
“ ——— the Woman who now shares my
“ Bed is odious to me, ——— I am re-
“ solved to get rid of her one way or
“ other ——— I have told *Phillanio* that
“ you and I have a mutual Affection for
“ each other, and that the Moment I was
“ released from *Flavilla*, I would marry
“ you ; yet would he do nothing to con-
“ tribute towards so happy an Event, and
“ I find I must trust meerly to myself ;
“ ——— Yes, my Dearest, she shall quit
“ me whether she will or no, ——— I fear
“ there is but one Way, but the Love
“ I have for you will make me overlook
“ all Scruples, ——— cherish therefore, I
“ conjure you, the return of those kind
“ Thoughts you had once for me ; you
will

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“ will soon have a convincing Proof how,
“ dear you are to me, and make you
“ certain, that the warmest Marks you
“ can bestow of yours are not too much
“ for

“ *the passionately affectionate*

“ MALVOLIO.

P. S.

“ If you see *Phillanio* before me, take
“ no notice to him of what I have wrote,
“ unless he mentions a certain Proposal
“ I made to him.”

They read this Letter all together, and well weighing the Hint contained in it, and comparing it with what he said to *Phillanio* at parting, they concluded that *Malvolio* had now entertained Designs of the blackest Nature ; and that no less than the Death of *Flavilla* was his aim. *Dalinda* had cause to fear he was not over scrupulous of Murder, by the Remembrance how he had perswaded her at the Time she

thought herself with Child, to use Means for occasioning an Abortion — the more they considered on all these Circumstances, the more they found Reason to believe that the Life of the unfortunate *Flavilla* was the intended sacrifice to the Avarice and present Inclinations of that wicked Man. — The tender Soul of *Dalinda* shuddered at the Apprehension, — *Leander* and *Phillanio* were struck with Horror, and after reasoning some time upon it, all agreed something ought to be done to prevent so dreadful a Catastrophe ; — it now seemed fruitless to keep any Measures with *Malvolio*, and that it was time that every thing should be discovered. — *Leander* was of an Opinion, that *Dalinda* ought to begin by writing a Letter to the Mother of *Flavilla*, acquainting her with the whole of *Malvolio*'s Villany in relation to his double Marriage, and advising her to take care of her Daughter, whose Life there was Cause to fear might be in danger. — *Phillanio* offering nothing in Opposition to what *Leander* said, and *Dalinda* having resolved to

to be guided by his Advice, now followed it without any Delay, and the next Post carried to that old Lady a Shock she little expected to have received.

Here began that Confusion, which not only spread itself through all the Families concerned in it, but spread itself through all the neighbouring Counties ; — the Gentry of each, taking Part with that Side to which Partiality inclined them, or which seemed to their Reason to be the most just.

Flavilla was immediately sent for by her Mother, and the Letter of *Dalinda* communicated to her ; that unfortunate Wife was less surpris'd than her Mother expected. — She had always suspected there was somewhat between her Husband and his fair Cousin, beyond the Ties of Consanguinity, and as she loved him not would have been little afflicted at the Necessity there now was of being separated from him ; — but the Thoughts of the Infamy, which must devolve on her innocent Children, rendered her inconsolable, — on this Score it was that her Kindred and Friends perswaded her not to enter any Prosecution
against

against him for Bigamy, in case there was any Possibility of bringing him to Reason without it.

Flavilla stayed with her Mother; and Lord ****, who had been so instrumental in making the Match between them, was sent for. — The Narrative they made him, greatly incensed him, — he read *Dalinda's* Letter several times over, but could not tell how to give an entire Credit to it, *because*, said he, as *Malvolio's* Marriage with you was a long Time in hand, and known to the whole Country, *Dalinda* in my Opinion could not be ignorant of it, and would certainly have forbid the Banes.

His Lordship went from them to *Malvolio*, and questioned him severely on this Matter. — He positively denied there was any Engagement between him and his Cousin, but such as might happen between two young Persons who lived in the same House, and were of equally amorous Constitutions — in fine, he confessed she had been his Mistress, but protested with the most solemn Asseverations that no Marriage,

riage, nor even the Promise of one had ever been past to each other.

What he said, gained so much Credit with Lord ****, that he could not forbear going directly to *Dalinda*, and reproaching in the most bitter Terms her Conduct in this Affair; but she soon put him to silence by producing the three last Letters she had received from *Malvolio*, — after a Pause, — *the Man*, cried he, *is as great a Fool as he is a Villain*. He highly blamed *Dalinda*, however, for consenting he should court any Woman after his Marriage with her, — especially, said he, *a Woman of Flavilla's Fortune and Family, and as you very well know how highly I interested myself in the Match*.

Dalinda excused herself by the Fears she had of offending *Malvolio*, and the Arguments he made use of to blind her Understanding in that Point. — Well, resumed he, *it is a miserable Affair on all Sides*. — *Flavilla is determined to part from him, then I suppose he will live with you; but I think you can expect little Felicity in doing so*. — No, my Lord, replied she,

she, *I will never live with him.* —

What will you do then? demanded he. —

She then related to his Lordship the Offer *Malvolio* had made of her Grandmother's Estate, and said, that she insisted on his immediately causing a Deed of Gift to be prepared for that Purpose, otherwise she would prosecute him for Bigamy.

This Nobleman could not help saying a great deal on the Folly of young People, and the strange Distractions which *Malvolio* and herself had been guilty of, would bring upon their own Family, and that of the innocent *Flavilla*, whose Misfortune he extremely regretted; — he told *Dalinda*, however, that he would talk to *Malvolio* once more, and that though he thought it very hard to make him part with that Estate, as he must also with all he held in the Right of *Flavilla*, on a Separation with her, yet he should endeavour to persuade him to it, rather than suffer himself to be exposed.

Dalinda among her Catalogues of Accusations against her perfidious Husband, did not omit that of the base Proposal he had made

made to *Phillario* concerning his Wife, which that young Gentleman being questioned upon by Lord***, confirmed the Truth of, nor was there indeed any Doubt to be made of it, the Hints given of something desired to be done and refused by him, in *Malvolio's* last Letter, were a sufficient Proof of the Accusation.

It is easy to conceive the Rage and Distraction *Malvolio* was in, to find *Dalinda* was so much more in earnest than ever he thought she could have been, and that the whole Series of his long Villanies were now laid open ; ——— he continued however, to deny absolutely such Things as he thought could not be proved upon him ; and to evade, and give a different Turn to others. ——— His Artifices had their Effect with some of the Family, but those chiefly concerned saw through them,—the Grandmother, from whom it was now impossible to keep any Part of this Affair concealed, knew not well what to think of it, nor to which of her Grandchildren to give the most Credit ; she only judged they were both highly blameable, and her Indignation

dignation pretty equal against each. ———
She would not suffer *Dalinda* to remain any longer with her, and forbid *Malvolio* from coming to her House.

Poor *Dalinda* was now to experience the Kindness of her Friends, ——— her eldest Brother being a Batchelor, she thought she might be a welcome Guest with him, if it was only for the Care she would take of his House, and therefore wrote to him for that Purpose; but *Adarno* had not forgot her having insisted on five *per Cent.* for her Fortune, at a Time when it was inconvenient for him to part with it out of his Hands; and returned her an Answer, that though for the Sake of their Family, he would assist her in the Vindication of her Reputation against the Insinuations of *Malvolio*, yet he did not think it proper to have her to live with him on any Account. ——— She afterwards made the same Request to her Sister, but had a Refusal in much the same Terms; — as for her other Brothers, neither of them were settled, and she was in the utmost Perplexity to find herself reduced to become

come a Boarder among Strangers, in a Place where she had so many near Relations. ——— *Leander* made her the most pressing Invitation to his House; but as that Gentleman was known to have been her Lover, the Consideration of her Character would not permit her to accept it, though she would otherwise have been extremely glad to have been always near him; foreseeing that in the present Situation of her Affairs, she should be perpetually in need of the Advice and Consolation of so experienced a Friend.

As for the Mother and other Kindred of *Flavilla*, though they exclaimed severely against *Dalinda*, and were far from being convinced there was any thing in the Marriage she pretended with *Malvolio*, yet they were perfectly so that an Intercourse had been carried on between these two Cousins, which rendered it very unfit that Lady should ever-more cohabit with a Husband, which however circumstanced with *Dalinda*, was proved utterly unworthy of her. ——— Lawyers were now employed on both Sides, and though *Mal-*
volio

volio laboured hard to prevent it, *Flavilla's* Estate was settled on her Children under the Management of proper Trustees. Articles of Separation were accordingly executed, and *Malvolio* got nothing by this Marriage except some Timber, and obliging the Tenants to pay an Advance of Rent while the Writings were drawing.

In spite of all he had done, he had Artifice enough to prevail on the Credulity of his Grandmother, to imagine him less culpable than in Reality he was, and in a short Time he won her to quit her House and live with him; and her Jointure, which was the whole Income of that Estate which was to devolve on him at her Decease, somewhat consoled him for what he had lost with *Flavilla*, and enabled him to keep the same Port he had done since his Marriage; ——— he was as yet too much enraged with *Dalinda*, to renew his Offers of living with her, and besides, durst not attempt it for Fear of forfeiting his Grandmother's good Will, who now thought her the most blameable of the two.

That

That unhappy Creature was all this Time extremely forlorn ;——she saw herself banished from her Grandmother,——sighted by her Brothers, and every Relation she had in the World,——shunned by all her Acquaintance, condemned on all Sides, and looked upon by the Generality as a Woman, who having had a criminal Conversation with her Cousin, endeavoured to extort a handsome Estate from him, by pretending herself his Wife, and in Revenge for being disappointed of that Aim, had accused him of a Design against the Life of *Flavilla*, and caused a Separation between them. ——— These indeed were Crimes, which had she been guilty of, must have justly rendered her hateful to all, who either were, or wished to be thought virtuous ; and as there were several strong Appearances against her for most, if not all of them, it is not to be wondered at that all Communication and Society with her, was avoided as dangerous to Reputation.

Leander was now the only Companion she had, her only Comforter, her only
real

real Friend ; ——— she would therefore have yielded too great a Sacrifice to the Censure of the World, had she deprived herself of him ; though it is certain, that the Frequency and the Length of his Visits, contributed very much to strengthen the Idea People now had of her. ———

That generous Man was sensible of it himself ; and for that Reason, perswaded her to go to *London*, and pass some Time there, till they should find how *Malvolio* would act in relation to her ; ——— she went, and he followed in a short Time ; but though he took this Journey in the most private Manner he could, it was soon known all over the Country, and contributed not a little to the ill Fame of *Dalinda*.

Malvolio, in the mean time, had so well re-established himself in the Favour of his Grandmother, that she altered her Will, and instead of leaving *Dalinda* a handsome Addition to her Fortune, as she had always made her hope for, left all her ready Money, which was very considerable, with the whole Furniture of her House, Plate, and

and Jewels to him — She died soon after, to the great Satisfaction, as we may reasonably suppose of *Malvolio*, who was now under no manner of Constraint, but at Liberty to pursue his Pleasures and Inclinations of what sort soever they were.

But Heaven would not permit this wicked Man to enjoy any sincere Content, — the Idea of *Dalinda* still ran in his Mind, and though he had forbore writing to her for a long Time, and was extremely incensed that by her Means, all his Plots had been disconcerted ; yet as his own Reason and Conscience could not but justify her Conduct, even in this Point, vexatious as it had been to him, his Love got the better of Resentment, and he wished nothing so much as to be reconciled and live with her again.

He knew she was in *London*, heard also as well as others of the frequent Excursions *Leander* made to that City, and doubting not but it was for her Sake, was almost mad with jealous Rage ; — his Imagination sometimes presented her to him in all the Endearments of mutual Affection, and had

had not his cooler Reason in other Moments quelled those Suggestions, by reflecting on the Virtue of *Dalinda*, he would certainly have been in a Condition, which must have claimed Commiseration, in spite of the Crimes he was guilty of; — not able to restrain any longer the impatient Dictates of his Love and Jealousy, he wrote to her in the following Terms.

“ *Malvolio to Dalinda.*

“ My dear *Dalinda*,

“ **F**OR such you will always be to
 “ me, how cruel, unjust, and un-
 “ generous soever you have behaved to-
 “ wards me. — But of all the Proofs
 “ I have given you of my Love, none
 “ ever exceeded this of writing to you,
 “ after the Knowledge of your exposing
 “ my Letter — How, alas! is your
 “ once soft and gentle Nature changed!
 “ — how can a Woman, who has loved
 “ as you have done, treat with such Bar-
 “ barity the Object of that Love! —

“ Good

“ Good God! to seek my utter Ruin,
“ ——— to render me hateful to my Kin-
“ dred, ——— obnoxious to Society ; ———
“ but I will cease Reproaches, ——— my
“ Heart is still on your Side, ——— you
“ have been perswaded, urged, prevailed
“ upon to do what perhaps by this Time
“ you repent. ——— O! *Dalinda!* I
“ can forgive all that is past, ——— my
“ House, my Arms again are open to
“ receive you. ——— Return then to Love
“ and Virtue, — return to what you once
“ before were seduced by the Insinuations
“ of my cursed Rival ; ——— quit for
“ ever all Conversation with the Villain
“ *Leander*, and be happy. ——— You
“ want Part of my Estate, ——— take
“ the Whole ; but take me with it, ———
“ all I have, ——— all I am is devoted
“ to you ; be assured there is nothing
“ can retrieve that Reputation, which both
“ of us have lost by our Misconduct, but
“ living together as we ought. ——— I
“ shall languish with the utmost Impa-
“ tience for your Answer, ——— add not
“ to the Pains I suffer, that of Suspence,
N “ — for

“ ——— forgive all my Errors, as I do
 “ sincerely all yours ; ——— Adieu, I hope
 “ for a short Time.

“ *My dear, dear Dalinda,*

“ *Yours, &c.*

“ MALVOLIO.”

“ *P. S.* I hope for your own Sake you
 “ will not shew this Letter to Lord ****,
 “ *Leander*, and your Brothers, as you have
 “ done some others I sent ; by doing so,
 “ you will make them condemn your In-
 “ gratitude, while they smile at the Folly
 “ of my fond persevering Passion.”

This Letter seemed of too much Con-
 sequence to *Dalinda*, for her to answer
 it of her own Head, ——— she wished for
Leander's Advice ; but *Phillanio* happen-
 ing to be in *London*, she sent for him im-
 mediately, and between them both the fol-
 lowing Lines were dictated:

Dalinda

Dalinda to Malvolio.

“ **Y**OU ought not to think it strange,
“ that if, after the Knowledge of
“ those dark Designs you blame me for
“ divulging, I find it neither safe, nor ho-
“ nourable to live with you on any Terms
“ — it requires a greater Share of Cou-
“ rage than I can pretend to be Mistress
“ of, to trust myself with a Man, who
“ thinks himself at Liberty to break all
“ Laws both Human and Divine, —
“ who has no Regard either to the Cen-
“ sure of the World, or the Vengeance
“ of offended Heaven; but equally defies
“ both for the Gratification of his Passions
“ of what kind soever they may be. —
“ I give myself no Trouble to examine,
“ whether the Love you now make Pro-
“ fession of for me be sincere or not, —
“ your Truth or Falshood in this Point,
“ are now equal to me. — I desire
“ only a Proof of common Justice in
“ giving me up that Estate, which was my
“ Grandmother’s Jointure; a small Com-
N 2 “ penfaction

“ penfation, God knows, for the long
 “ Calamities I have fuffered for you——
 “ the Loss of my Reputation, and the
 “ Incapacity I am in of marrying, as I
 “ might do, to my Advantage; ——
 “ this if you do not agree to, be affured
 “ I fhall expofe your Villany before a
 “ Court of Judicature, —— it is there-
 “ fore your beft way to come to a fpeedy
 “ Determination; —— as to Letters or
 “ Messages on any other Score between
 “ us, they only trifle away Time, and
 “ you will find it is no longer in your
 “ Power to amufe the already too fre-
 “ quently deceived, and

“ *greatly wronged*

“ DALINDA.”

If *Malvolio* was not quite mad at the
 Receipt of this Letter, the ill Succels of
 all his Plots, and the Difappointment
 of his every Wifh, he was fo near it for
 a Time, as made him fpeak and act fe-
 veral Things which had the Appearance
 of

of Lunacy ——— at length recovering himself a little, he had several Meetings with the two Brothers of *Dalinda*, who were in the Country ; but though he exerted all the Cunning he was Master of, and made the most seemingly fair Declarations, in order to prevail on them to influence their Sister to live with him, he found them inexorable, and no less resolute than herself, in insisting the Estate she demanded should be given up, and Articles drawn between them of an eternal Separation, ——— otherwise they threatened to assist her all they could in the Prosecution she intended to commence against him. ——— But this he little regarded, as he knew very well she had it not in her Power without a Miracle, to prove any Marriage between them ——— it came into his Head, however, to prevent her attempting any such Thing by doing it himself. ——— *I can*, said he to himself, *easily obtain a Certificate from the Parson of her being my lawful Wife, though she cannot, as neither knowing his Name, nor where to find him,* ——— *I will then tear*

her from Leander, force her to live with me, and put an end to her Menaces and Demands.

Full of this Resolution, he immediately took Horse for *London*. The first thing he did, was to go to the *Fleet*, and enquire for the Parson, but was very much disappointed at hearing he was dead, and that no body could tell what was become of the Woman, who was the only Witness — he little imagined, however, that *Dalinda* knew all this as well as he; so was not deterred from prosecuting his Intent, and without either seeing or writing to her, he employ'd a Lawyer in the Affair, to go to her Lodgings, claim her in his Name, and force her away.

Dalinda was all this while little suspicious of what was contriving against her — she had taken a Copy of the Letter she wrote to him, which, together with the Letter to which that was an Answer, she shewed to *Leander*, who came to Town in a few Days after — he thought she had expressed herself in the most prudent Terms that could be, and advised her

her to keep firm in her Demands, which both he, and *Phillanio* told her, they believed he would at last comply with—— they were all surprized he did not write, as several Posts had elapsed since her last; but much more so at the coming of the Lawyer.

Had *Dalinda* been alone, she would doubtless have been extremely terrified; and it is impossible to say, whether *Malvolio's* Plot might not in this Point have succeeded; but luckily for her, both *Leander* and her Brother were in the Room with her. —— He delivered his Message, and told her, she must go with him to her Husband, who was at that time in the next Street. —— She sunk into her Chair, and was ready to fall into a Fit; *Phillanio* was in the utmost Consternation; but *Leander* had more Presence of Mind, and turning to the Lawyer, *What Proofs, Sir, have you, said he, that this Lady is the Wife of the Gentleman you mention? —— No other than his own Affeuration,* replied he. —— *Then,* said *Leander* boldly, *she is not bound to*
N 4 *obey*

obey any Injunctions brought from him; nor are we, who are her Friends and Relations, liable to any Penalty for detaining her from a Man, who only says, he is her Husband. Not till he makes it demonstrable he is so, returned the other, but when he has once done that, he has a good Cause of Action against any who pretend to keep her from him. — We will venture that, cried *Phillanio*, with Vehemence. On which the Lawyer said, *he would go back to his Client, and see what was to be done.* And with these Words took his leave.

Dalinda was sometime before she could recover herself from the Fright, so unexpected a Visitor, and the Business he came upon, had put her into; for it is certain, that nothing now was so dreadful to her, as the thoughts of being compelled to live with a Man, who had so often, and so cruelly deceived her — who had traduced her Character in the manner he had done, and from whom, as things now were between them, she could expect only the most barbarous

Treat-

Treatment. ——— It was well she had two such Comforters near her, to remind her how vain her Apprehensions that *Malvolio* could no way prove the Marriage as the Parson was dead, and they had all found, no Person whatever in the *Fleet* knew any thing of the matter. *Besides*, said *Leander*, *should he have any private means to testify you are his Wife, which I think is impossible, there is a previous Marriage registered, which must destroy his Claim to you.*

These Remonstrances delivered by two such sincere Friends, and in the most tender manner, dissipated her Anxieties; but not doubting, but that *Malvolio*, now he was in Town, would have recourse to some Stratagem or other, to force her to that Compliance, the Law she knew would not oblige her to yield, she conjured *Leander* and *Phillanio*, to leave her as little as possible alone. — They both judged it would be improper she should be so, and therefore changed their Lodgings directly, and took an Apartment in the same House with her, chusing rather to

put up with some Inconveniencies, than she should be exposed to any Danger, even though no more were really to be expected, than that she would be subjected to through her own Apprehensions.

That very Night, they both slept under the same Roof with her, and glad she was they did so, being assured in her own Mind, that *Malvolio* would attempt something to the Prejudice of her Peace. — She described him to the People of the House, and gave strict Orders, that if such a sort of Man should enquire for her, to say at once she was gone abroad, without calling for her Servant, whom he might possibly follow up Stairs, and get into the Room where she was, before she was appriz'd of his being so near.

She soon found how necessary this Precaution was — pretty early the next Morning he came; but on being told she was gone out to take a walk, went away without saying any thing farther — *Leander* and *Phillario* on this resolved never to stir out of the House, except she went with them.

Sufficiently

Sufficiently uneasy, indeed, was the unfortunate *Dalinda* in this Situation, but her Disquiets were infinitely short of what *Malvolio* sustained from the two Extremes of Love and Rage, enflamed with Jealousy, and rack'd with the poignant Pangs of Shame and Remorse — his Lawyer had brought him the Message sent by the two Friends of *Dalinda*, and the Description he gave of both their Persons, made him soon know it was *Phillanio*, and that Bane to all his Designs, *Leander*, who were with her, especially as he had been informed before he had left the Country, that these two Gentlemen were in *London* — he thought he now saw into the Motive of *Dalinda's* Behaviour, and that it was not so much her Resentment against him, as the new Passion she had entertained for his Rival, which enabled her to persevere so strongly in her Resolution of never living with him, a thing not long since she had wished, as her only earthly Happiness.

Malvolio, upon Enquiry, soon found that *Leander* and *Philanio* lodged in the

same House with *Dalinda*, and it sometimes came into his Head, that she was married to the former, and in these Suggestions of his Jealousy, his Desperation was beyond all Bounds ——— one Moment he was for killing his Rival, the next for destroying himself, and had certainly done, either the one or the other, had he been possesst of Resolution enough to accomplish either ——— he ran up and down to all his Acquaintance ——— told them he had been basely used by *Dalinda* and her Brothers; if any of them, having heard somewhat of the Story, told him they believed he was married to that Lady, he denied it with the most fearful Oaths and Imprecations; if they said, that they could not think he was so, he assured them that he was ——— in fine, he was never twice in the same Story, he knew not himself what he had believed, and was never easy with whatever Opinion the World seemed to have of this Adventure.

He went two or three times every Day to *Dalinda's* Lodgings, but such prudent
Care

Care was taken, that he could never get Admittance ——— fain would he have prevailed on the Lawyer, to procure a Lord Chief Justice's Warrant to force her from those, who were at present her Guardians ; but that Gentleman told him, no such thing could possibly be done, as he could not prove his Marriage, had never lived with her, nor acknowledged her as his Wife, and had besides been since married to another Woman, with whom he had cohabited, and had Children.

To heighten the Confusion of this impious Man, *Adarno* came to Town, and finding his Sister's Affairs were still in the same Situation, joined with *Leander* in persuading her to employ a Lawyer in her Turn, who wrote to *Malvolio*, acquainting him, he had Orders to exhibit a Bill against him for Bigamy, and gave him some Hints also, that they were not ignorant there was a Marriage previous to the two, which had made so great a Noise.

This startled him indeed, he knew there was a Register against him in the *Fleet*,
and

and doubted not, but the Industry of his Enemies had found it out — the Woman being also living, it was not impossible might be brought to light, which would not only cut off all Claim to *Dalinda*, but oblige him to live with a Person, he both despised and hated. — He saw no way to Remedy all these Inconveniencies, but getting *Dalinda* once more on his Side, which, though he had little Reason to hope, he attempted by Writing to her in the following manner.

“ *Malvolio to Dalinda.*

“ *Dear Dalinda,*

“ CAN any human Wit dive into
 “ the Cause of your refusing to
 “ live with me, after having so long, and
 “ so ardently desired to do so, but such
 “ a one as I tremble to think on, and
 “ you must blush to own? — How
 “ lately have you protested, that you
 “ would chuse a Life of Poverty with
 “ me, before the utmost Grandeur the
 “ World could give, without me —

“ yet

“ yet now nothing is so dreadful to you
“ ——— nothing so hateful as my Pre-
“ sence ——— you shun, you fly me,
“ and keep a constant Guard about you
“ to hinder my Approach ——— you
“ have Recourse to all manner of Strata-
“ gems ——— do every thing ———
“ say every thing without regard to
“ Truth or Justice, to keep me at a Dis-
“ tance ——— well, be it so, I am loth
“ to compel you to what your Duty,
“ if not your Love, ought to make you
“ joyfully agree to. ——— But nothing
“ will content you but a Share in my
“ Estate, while you refuse to share my
“ Bed. ——— Heaven knows I wish
“ to gratify you in every thing, and per-
“ haps, may even in this, if you will
“ give me an Opportunity of Discours-
“ ing you upon it in private ——— I
“ cannot talk to you before *Phillanio*, he
“ has used me ill, and I chuse not to see
“ him, much less that new Espouser of
“ your Cause, *Leander*, whose officious
“ meddling, in what, if he is an honest
“ Man, and you a virtuous Woman, he
“ can

“ can have no manner of Concern, and has
“ but greatly widened the Breach between
“ us ——— I am grieved to the very
“ Soul, to hear how much your Reputation suffers on his Account; for still
“ I love you more, O! infinitely more
“ than I do myself ——— believe this
“ Truth I conjure you, and you will then
“ surely not refuse the Interview I so earnestly request ——— if you fear to offend them, by speaking to me alone,
“ let them not know it ——— slip out as
“ to buy something, or what Pretence
“ you think best, and I will wait for you
“ in a Coach at the End of the Street
“ ——— I assure you, upon my Honour,
“ I shall force you to no Place, nor to
“ any thing you do not readily acquiesce
“ in ——— I only desire a few Minutes
“ Conversation with you, in order to be
“ better convinced than I can be by any
“ Letters or Messages which you may be
“ over-persuaded to send, what will really
“ content you, and to give you my final
“ Determination, how far I can comply
“ with your Demands ——— without
“ you

“ you do this, I foresee there never will
“ be an end of the Contest between us
“ —we may employ Lawyers against each
“ other, Debates may be held *pro* and
“ *con*, till we expose each other, and be-
“ come the Jest of the whole Town and
“ Country, without either of us being
“ able to gain the Point we aim at —
“ whereas, by consenting to a private
“ Meeting, where we may speak our
“ Minds without Reserve, every thing
“ may be adjusted at once ——— if you
“ are resolved against living with me,
“ for God’s sake let us part amicably —
“ I desire but to convince you once for
“ all, that I have the Interest of your
“ Happiness chiefly at Heart, and shall
“ refuse nothing that will contribute to
“ it, provided I hear from your own
“ Mouth, what it is will really make you
“ so, which I again protest to you, shall
“ be granted, if in the Power of

“ *the unfortunate*

“ MALVOLIO”

“ P.

“ P. S. The Messenger has Orders to
 “ deliver this to your own Hands——
 “ let me therefore know by a Line if you
 “ think fit to comply with my Request,
 “ and when you will meet me. ——
 “ Adieu — my still dear *Dalinda*.

Dalinda was so fearful of *Malvolio*'s
 contriving some Plot against her, that
 when she was told a Person waited to de-
 liver a Letter to her, she was doubtful
 whether she should see the Man or not
 —— but *Leander* and *Phillanio* encour-
 aged her, by saying, they would stay in
 the next Room while she spoke to the
 Messenger, and in case he came with an
 Intention to attempt any thing of the Na-
 ture, she fear'd they would presently rush
 out in her Defence.—On this she ordered
 him to be admitted —— he gave her
 the Letter, and told her, that an Answer
 to it was expected by him. She open'd
 it, and having read it slightly over, then
 said, *I am not at present very well, and*
cannot consider of it; but to-morrow will
send an Answer, if it requires one ——
 the

the Man would fain have persuaded her to write then, but she absolutely refused, and he went away.

After he was gone, she shewed this Epistle to her Brother and *Leander*, and they all agreed, that it would be highly proper for her to write once more to him, and in such a manner, as should put a stop to all the vain Imaginations he flattered himself with, of ever making her change the Terms she had already proposed. On which she expressed herself in this manner.

Dalinda to Malvolio.

“ **I** Am surprized you should give
“ either yourself or me these unnecessary
“ Troubles, after having so often
“ told you my Resolution, which is not
“ like yours fluctuating and wavering with
“ every Blast of Wind. ——— Be assured
“ I never will see you in private,
“ nor in publick, if I can any way avoid
“ it, much less consent to enter into
“ any Treaty with you, that my Brothers
“ and

“ and *Leander* are not previously acquaint-
 “ ed with, ——— if you have any Propo-
 “ sals to make, they must therefore be
 “ communicated to them, but you may
 “ depend that no other than such as are
 “ already offered, will be accepted by

“ DALINDA.”

After this, she received no more Let-
 ters nor Messages from him, ——— he went
 down into the Country, where he made
 loud Complaints of the ill Treatment, as
 he called it, of *Dalinda*, her Brothers,
 and *Leander*; which last he did not fail
 to load with all the opprobrious Epithets,
 Rage and Malice could invent. ——— This
 enervate Fury, however, recoiled upon
 himself, — his turbulent and wicked Passions
 became so many Fiends to torment him
 with unceasing Anguish, and even assumed
 corporeal Substances to fright him into
 Madness. ——— Night and Day, sleeping
 or waking, Spectres appeared before the
 Eyes of his Imagination, ——— Ideas
 the most shocking that could be to him,
 were

were perpetually in his Mind. *Dalinda* and *Leander*, in every Scene that happy Love affords, presented themselves before him, ——— he seemed to himself a Spirit damned ; they Angels in Felicity. ——— In these Horrors of Thought let us leave him, and turn a pitying Eye on *Dalinda* and *Leander*, as the Misfortunes they sustained could not be looked upon as inflicted on them, for the Punishment of Crimes beyond the Reach of the World's Forgiveness.

The Lawyers, whom the Brothers of that Lady consulted, gave them but little Encouragement to hope any Redress could be had from *Malvolio* ; and she was loth on the Score of his Children to commence a Prosecution against him merely out of Revenge. ——— *Leander*, who had never ceased to wish her his, now renewed his Addresses ; he urged, that as neither *Malvolio*, nor herself, was able to prove this Marriage, nothing in *Law* opposed his Hopes ; and that she could not be deterred in Point of Conscience from giving herself to him, as she was convinced

vinced *Malvolio* had entered into a prior Engagement with another Woman ; but all his Arguments were ineffectual to make *Dalinda* think she ought in Honour to marry while *Malvolio* lived. — The Affair between them was now too publick, and the Censures of the World too severe upon it, for her to become a Bride with any true Contentment, — she looked on herself as rendered by her Misfortunes unworthy of his Affection, and would not receive the Benefit it offered, though if she did not feel for him what is called the Flame of Love, she certainly did all the Tenderness of that Passion. This Refusal however, rendered him extremely unhappy, he admired the Delicacy of her Sentiments, but the more he admired, the more he also loved, and was of Consequence the more wretched.

Dalinda, having no longer any Proceedings in Hand against *Malvolio*, saw her Brothers but seldom ; and as I have before observed her other Kindred, and those of her Acquaintance with whom she had been most intimate, avoiding her Conversation

versation, made her see by sad Experience, that to be unhappy is sure to be obnoxious, —as she had not now the Pretence of wanting *Leander's* Advice, to justify her receiving his Visits, she entreated he would be less frequent in them. — How sensible a Blow this must give to a Heart so affectionate as his, the Reader will easily conceive; but the Regard he ever had for her Reputation, made him submit to it, but his Sufferings under the severe Necessity are not to be described.

Thus is one of the most generous of Mankind rendred one of the most miserable, by a hopeless, yet ever-during Passion. — Thus is *Dalinda* become the most forlorn, abandoned, and disconsolate of her Sex, by having unhappily given Way to the Dictates of an inconsiderate Flame; — and thus is *Malvolio*, by scrupling nothing for the Gratitude of his Wishes, deprived of his every Wish, — the Object of Hate where he aimed at being loved, of Contempt from all who ever knew, or ever heard of him; a Horror to himself, and in Anxieties, which it

is not probable will know a Period, but with his Life, ——— in which Situation, we must leave all these unhappy Persons, sincerely wishing their Example may be a Lesson to others, to avoid Errors, which, though they may seem small in the Beginning, frequently terminate in Vices, to the Destruction of those who have neglected to check them in their Bud.

F I N I S.



22. 11. 1871
The weather was very cold, but
the wind was not so strong as
yesterday. The snow was
very deep, and the roads
were very slippery. The
trees were all covered with
snow, and the ground was
very white. The sun was
not out, and the sky was
very dark. The water was
very cold, and the ice was
very thick. The snow was
very deep, and the roads
were very slippery. The
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